

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A LAST LOOK ON LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

"Asleep? I was only thinking.
Thinking of all the past,
From the first day I remember
Down to this one—the last.
Turn your face toward me, darling,
Your eyes are blind with tears;
I would weep if I must live over
All of these weary years.

"I should have borne your burdens,
But you have been strength to me;
Only a little longer,
And then will the ending be.
Dear, do not shiver and tremble,
You would not have me stay,
Who go from amid the shadows
Into eternal day?

"I had not thought I should ever
Look on another June;
And lying to-day in the stillness,
While, borne on the breezy noon,
Your voice with the breath of roses
Came up from the yard below,
I lived again in my fancy
This summer four years ago.

"She was here, you remember, our Sunshine;
That was the name you gave;
But I knew her best by another—
No, Edith, I do not rave.
I was only a helpless cripple—
Hopeless, because too sane
To dream that the love I bore her
Could ever be sought but vain.

"She is rich in all loving titles,
Mother, and Friend, and Wife.
God bless her! I know He will bless her
With all that is best in life.
And I—I am happy in dying;
Dear sister—then, 'Lift my head.'
I raised him; 'My Saviour come quickly!'
One struggle and he was dead.

We laid him to rest on the hill-side,
Where the first spring violets blow,
And I say 'mid the rain of my weeping,
'Thank God! It is better so.'

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,"
"THE DANKSBURY HOUSE," "THE
RED COURT FARM," &C.

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year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's
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trict of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW TENANT. MR. CHANDOS IN THE
MOONLIGHT.

My time passed monotonously enough. Not
sufficiently at home to sit down to the musical
instruments, uninvited—and no one did
invite me—I was reduced to walking and
reading. Mr. Chandos told me the books in
the library were at my service, and I availed
myself of them. One particular book-case in
a dark corner was kept locked; it had glass
doors before it through which you might
read the titles of the books. I was standing
before this one morning when Lady Chandos
entered.

"Are you searching for a book, Miss Here-
ford?"

"There is one here which I should so much
like to read," I answered, "but the case is
locked. It is—"

The evident astonishment with which Lady
Chandos advanced and gazed at the book-
case caused me to pause ere pronouncing the
title of its contents. There were books of all
sorts, large, small, pamphlets, and papers.
Without another word to me she turned to
the door and called her son.

"Harry," she began, in a sharp, displeased
tone when he entered, "who has been at this
book case and left its curtains undrawn?"

"I have not," he replied. "It must have
been Mrs. Chandos."

"Very thoughtless of her; very negligent!"
aspirated Lady Chandos. "The keys had
better not be left where she can get at them,
unless she can be more cautious. You can
tell her so."

Mr. Chandos came near and tried the
doors.

"It is locked, mother. There is no great
harm done."

"Locked! Of course it is locked," quickly
responded Lady Chandos; "even Ethel would
be sufficiently careless to leave it
unlocked. But look here."

She pointed to one of the books: it was

covered with white paper, and there was
some writing on it: it appeared to be a name.
Mr. Chandos knitted his brow as he bent
closer, and turned away hastily. His mother
remained before the book-case, as if she
would prevent my view of the writing—so it
struck me.

He returned with some keys in his hand,
opened the glass doors, drew their crimson
silk curtains, closed and relocked them. All
sight of the contents was hidden now. They
were quitting the room when Mr. Chandos
apparently remembered that I was in it, and
came back.

"Can I reach any book for you, Miss Here-
ford? Were you in search of any one in par-
ticular?"

I pointed to the first my eye fell upon, and
he handed it down to me with a smile. What
should it be but a Greek classic?

"I did not suppose you were so learned a
scholar," he remarked, and I could not help
laughing as I gave it back to him.

"It was a stupid mistake, sir. I thought
the back of it looked like Shakespeare."

"You will find Shakespeare in this com-
partment," he said, moving lower down.
"The volumes are all here, on the under
shelf."

"Thank you," I answered, "I will select
for myself." He left me to do so and quitted
the room. But somehow that little episode
of the locked book-case and the undrawn
curtains seemed to bar my free use of the
library, and I quitted it for my own room,
carrying a volume of Shakespeare with me.

It was a lovely day, and I thought I would
go out and enjoy the air: I could read as
well indoors as out. But before settling my-
self on a bench, I went to the park gates to
see how they were getting on with the fur-
nishing of the house. They had been busy
over it for two days, and I—for want of some-
thing better to do—had taken an interest in
it and watched the things go in. It appeared
all in order this morning; there was no
bustle, no litter: curtains were up, blinds
were half drawn, and smoke was ascending
from more than one chimney. The tenant
or tenants must have arrived and taken pos-
session.

As I stood leaning over the small side gate
there came out of that house a man, a gen-
tleman, short, and with a dark face. But of
the latter I caught but a passing glimpse, for
he turned his back immediately to look up at
the front of the house. Calling to a servant,
he appeared to be pointing out something that
he wished done, or finding fault with some-
thing that had been left undone. I could not
hear the words, but I could the tones:
they were authoritative, as was his manner.
He was evidently the master.

I thought I had seen him before, for there
was something in his figure and even in the
passing sight of his face which struck upon
me as being familiar. I waited for him to
turn again that I might obtain a better view,
but he did not, and soon went in. I returned
to one of the most private seats I could find,
and opened my book.

Ere a quarter of an hour passed, the sound
of two people, apparently encountering each
other, was heard behind the shrubs. I recog-
nized the voice of Mr. Chandos.

"Are you out here alone, Ethel?"

"Yes, I took a fancy to come; I and my
kitten. Mrs. Freeman said, wait an hour or
two, and perhaps she could come with me.
She is ill."

"Ill! I thought Mrs. Freeman was never
ill."

"So did I; but she is ill to-day. At least,
she says. I cannot make it out."

"Did you unlock the bookcase in the
library, and undraw the curtains?" resumed
Mr. Chandos.

"What bookcase?" she asked.

"That bookcase."

"What next, Harry? As if I should do
anything of the sort!"

"No one goes to that bookcase, except
yourself."

There was a pause; and then Mrs. Chan-
dos spoke again. She appeared to have been
reflecting.

"I remember I went to it last night. Mrs.
Freeman was ill, no company for me, and I
took a fancy to look over some old letters. I
did draw the curtains back to shake the dust
off; they were covered with dust; but I'm
sure I thought I drew them again."

"They were undrawn to-day. Lady Chan-
dos—"

"Did Lady Chandos know of it?" she
quickly interrupted.

"It was she who first discovered it, and she
called to me."

"Was she very angry?"

"She was vexed, and begged me to cau-
tion you for the future. You see, Ethel, while
this stranger is in the house, we must be more
guarded than ever."

"But she has not the run of the house, to
go about it as she likes; she has no business
in the library."

"I told her the library was at her ser-



DARING RIDE OF COL. LANDER AT THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.

The intrepidity and daring courage of Col.
Lander (says "Frank Leslie's Paper," from
which we take the above sketch) have often
been the theme of conversation. His career
has been full of that excitement which con-
stant and secret danger creates, and the in-
cessant watchfulness necessary to guard
against sudden surprise has made him at
once cool in his recklessness and rapid to any
emergency. In the battle of Philippi he
daring and his presence of mind were equally
apparent. On reaching the brow of the hill
overlooking Philippi, he beheld the enemy.

and at the same moment observed the ad-
vancing column of Colonel Kelley. In a mi-
nute he had planted his cannon to play upon
the camp of the Confederates, and without
thought of the danger, only thinking of the
necessity of communicating with his brother
officers, he put spurs to his horse and dashed
down the face of the hill, the descent being at
an angle of forty-five degrees. It was a perilous
ride, and his soldiers gazed after him with
breath held until they saw him reach the
base in safety and dash across the town. A gal-
lant soldier and fearless rider is Col. Lander.

vice; meaning the books," observed Mr.
Chandos.

"Then, Harry, I think it is you who must
be reproached with want of caution," spoke
Mrs. Chandos.

"But why? There is no reason whatever
why she may not be in the library, provided
that case is kept locked. Who was to an-
swer you would leave the curtains undrawn?

And some of the books bear a page or two
outside, remember."

I moved away. Now this conversation
was turning upon me, I did not choose to
stay willingly to listen to it. Passing over a
border of grass, with a light and nimble step,
I seated myself upon a bench to the broad
open walk. Not long had I sat there when
Mr. Chandos approached.

"Are you fond of Shakespeare, Miss Here-
ford?"

"I have never read his works."

"Never read Shakespeare?" he repeated in
an accent of surprise. "Had you assured me
this morning you could read and enjoy that
Greek poem I handed you down, I should
have been less astonished."

"But, sir, I have always been at school,
and school girls have no opportunity of ac-
quiring such works. At school I was at in
England, Miss Freeman's, there were some
volumes of Shakespeare in the governor's
private parlour, but I never saw any thing of
them but their backs."

"Have you no home—no parents?"

"None."

"Have you never read B. P.?"

"Oh no."

"Not any novels?"

"No books at all, thank you."

He looked at me with a half smile, stand-
ing with his back against a tree. "Four years
you have been at school, I wonder. I under-
stood my notes to say, did you never get
any French novels?"

"Indeed, yes. Madame de la Barre would
have been in fits at the last book. And
since I left them I have been too fully oc-
cupied to read for recreation. This is the first
leisure I have had."

"Indeed! It must seem strange to you?"

"So strange, sir, that I feel like a nut out
of water," I laughed.

"Emily says she read French novels at
Miss Barlow's. You look doubtfully, Miss Here-
ford."

"Yes, sir; for I do not see how that could

have been. We were too well supervised to
allow opportunity for it. But Miss Chandos
was permitted to visit a great deal, and she
must have met with them out of doors."

"Ah," he remarked, speaking more to him-
self than to me, "it was that visiting that did
all the mischief. My mother went to town. Did
you visit, Miss Hereford?"

"No, sir. I had not a single friend in the
town. Toward the last, Miss Annette would
sometimes take me with her when she went
out to spend the evening. Visiting, like this
charming creature, I lay my hand
upon the volume I held—it almost seemed
heavy to me."

He did not immediately speak, and of
course I did not, was I not as a dependent?
Presently he turned his eyes upon me.

"Will you allow me to direct your reading,
Miss Hereford?"

"Oh, sir, if you would?" I answered
eagerly. "For in truth that library seems to
be like a wild sea, with its multitude of
books."

"Yes, and a young lady might get amidst
its shoals, by all the time, are not equally
sensible. I will lend out a few and give them
to you."

"Thank you, sir. Meanwhile may I go on
with this as I have begun it?"

He left the tree, took the book from my
hand and looked at it. "Othello; yes, you
may read that."

As he returned the book to me and re-
sumed his position against the tree, some one
approached from the upper gate. I thought
it was a visitor. He came standing on his
toes, and looking into my eyes and soon I
perceived it was the gentleman I had seen at
the house when I was giving his direc-
tions to the servants. He was Mr. Edwin Bar-
ley, and not in the least altered.

"The good work, sir, is not yet done," he
said, looking at the book. "I thought
it was a visitor. He came standing on his
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"I am aware that they are the grounds
belonging to Chandos House; but I did not
know a stranger might not be permitted to
walk in them."

"Early Chandos professes privacy. Strangers
are not to the habit of entering here; nor can
their doing so be excused."

"I presume that I am speaking to Mr. Har-
ry Chandos?"

Mr. Chandos bowed his head, very coldly;
and Mr. Edwin Barley prepared to turn and
depart the way he came.

"I suppose I must beg your pardon, then,
for intruding," he observed. "It did not oc-
cur to me that it might be unwelcome."

He slightly raised his hat and departed.
Mr. Chandos returned the courtesy, and
looked after him.

"Who can he be, I wonder? A queer
sort of customer, to all appearance."

"I think it is the tenant of your house, sir.
I saw him there just now."

"He the tenant?" uttered Mr. Chandos.
"But—Miss Hereford, what is the matter
with you? You are as white as that statue."

I turned it off, giving no explanation; and
Mr. Chandos walked towards the gate. I
dare say I did look white, for the sight of Mr.
Edwin Barley brought back all the old hor-
ror of the events that had occurred during
my sojourn in his house. Not that it was so
much the recollection that drove the color
from my cheeks, as the dread fear lest he
should recognize me. Of that I should have
had little fear, however, had I been calm
enough to look at the matter dispassionately;
he had, as it were, remained stationary in ap-
pearance, whilst I had changed from a child
into a woman.

But what brought Mr. Edwin Barley enter-
ing as the tenant of that small and inferior
house? he, with his fine fortune and his fine
estate! There seemed to be mystery enough
at Chandos: was this going to be another
mystery?

"I believe you must be right, Miss Here-
ford; he has entered the house," said Mr.
Chandos, returning. "If he is really the
new tenant—as I suppose he is—he appears
by no means a prepossessing one. I wonder
what his name may be?"

I could not for the world have told Mr.
Chandos that I knew his name; I could not
have told that I knew him. All my hope
was that it might never be betrayed that I
had known him.

I rose to return indoors, a dim idea of put-
ting the walls of Chandos House between
me and Mr. Edwin Barley prompting me.
Mr. Chandos walked by my side. Luncheon
was ready in the oak parlour, and we went
down to it, Lady Chandos presiding.

"Harry, Hickens says that our new tenant
has arrived," she observed.

Hickens, who was the butler, and in wait-
ing then, turned to Mr. Chandos.

"He came in last night, sir, so Brooks told
me; himself and two or three servants. It's
only a single gentleman, they say, no fam-
ily."

"I have seen him," said Mr. Chandos, ad-
dressing his mother. "He came into our
gates, dressing, possibly, that Chandos was
public property, and I had to warn him off,
by informing him that it was private."

"But what did he want?" she rejoined.

"Nothing that I could gather, save to look
about him. He is a short, dark, ill-favored
man."

"And who is he? what is his name?"

"I do not know. Have you heard it,
Hickens?"

"No, sir."

"But you ought to have known it, Harry,
before accepting him," remonstrated Lady
Chandos.

"My dear mother, Dexter has made the
arrangements; he is to be trusted. A man
may not be the best desirable tenant for pos-
siding an ugly task. Were we all bought
and sold by our looks?"

He stopped, and rose in consternation. We
all rose. Mrs. Chandos had wildly into
the room, her hands raised in agitation, her
face livid.

"Oh, Lady Chandos! oh, Harry, do come!
She has fallen on the floor in a fit, or some-
thing. I think she'll be dead!"

"Excited again, Ethel?" exclaimed Lady
Chandos, in a tone of contrived calmness.
"When will you learn to take trifles quietly
and rationally? Who has fallen? The kit-
chen?"

"There's nothing to reproach me for this
time," vehemently returned Mrs. Chandos.
"I speak of Mrs. Freeman, and I do believe
she is dead, or dying."

"Take care of her, Harry," whispered
Lady Chandos. "I will see what it is."

"Still I am mother? It may be better.
You can stay with Ethel."

Lady Chandos only answered by waving
him away, and she quitted the room. Mrs.
Chandos trembled excessively, and Mr. Chan-
dos placed her in an easy chair.

"Calm yourself, Ethel—as my mother
says."

"What rubbish you talk, Harry! as if
every lady could have their feelings under

control like her—and you! Time was when
I was calm and headless enough, goodness
knows, but since—since—you know?"

"Yes, yes; he still now. I think you
might acquire a little more self-control if
you tried, considering that enthusiasm does
you no much harm."

"It weakens me; lays me prostrate for
three or four days; I don't know what other
harm it does me."

"Is not that enough? Where is Mrs. Free-
man?"

"She is in my dining-room. I will describe
it to you. We were at luncheon—that is, I
was, for she sat by and would not take any.

"I think you might eat a bit of this fowl," I
said to her, "it is very nice." Well, she made
no answer; so I spoke again. Still she said
nothing, and I got up to look at her, wonder-
ing whether she could have dropped asleep
in a minute. I went round the chair, and
there she was with a face drawn in the most
frightful manner you can conceive, and the
next moment she had slipped from the chair
to the carpet. And you and Lady Chandos
blame me for not retaining my calmness."

"Will you take anything?" he inquired,
pointing to the luncheon tray.

"No, thank you. I have had enough of
luncheon for one day, in the sight of Mrs.
Freeman. Suppose you come and see her
for yourself; I don't mind going with you."

Mrs. Chandos put her arm within his, and
they departed. I saw no more of them or of
Lady Chandos for some hours, but as I sat in
my own room I heard hoarse in the house,
and once I caught a glimpse of Mr. Chandos
in the grounds. I asked a maid servant, who
was passing in the corridor, what was the
matter.

"It was a sort of fit, miss, but she's better
now. The doctor says she must be still and
have rest for some time to come, and she is
going away this evening."

"Going away! Do you speak of Mrs.
Freeman?"

"Going, miss, by her own choice. She has
a sister who lives about thirteen miles from
this, and she wishes to go at once to her
house. My lady urged her to wait, at any
rate till to-morrow, but Mrs. Freeman says
she would rather go, especially as she can be
of no further use at present to Mrs. Chandos.

I have a suspicion that she fears another at-
tack, and

at Chaudon: Lady Chaudon sat as long as the dinner table on her son—which was but a short time—and then it was cleared and tea came in.

"Will you oblige me by making tea this evening, Miss Hereford?"

Had the request not been preferred, I should have withdrawn to my room with an excuse that I did not wish for tea: how entirely I felt in the light of an interloper, sitting there, when I knew they must want to converse on their own affairs and would naturally wish me at the other end of the earth, none but myself can tell. Before the tea was over, Lady Chaudon rose.

"I am going to sit with Ethel, Harry. Will you come?"

"She does not want me," was his rejoinder, and his mother left the room.

He rang for the tea things to be taken away. I was standing then near the mantle piece: happening to look up, I saw his eyes fixed on me, something peculiar in their expression.

"Mr. Chaudon," I rallied myself to say, "I am very sorry to be in this position—an intruder here."

"And but for one thing I should be very glad of it," was his ready answer. "It is a pleasant break-in upon our monotonous life."

"And that one thing, sir?"

"Ah! I cannot tell you all my secrets," he laughed, and left the parlor laughing, coming in again only just as we were going to read.

"You seem to be tired, Harry," observed Lady Chaudon. "You seem to have been upon your legs all day."

"I am tired," was his reply; "I shall sleep to-night without rocking. Good night, mother. Good night, Miss Hereford."

He went up before us, entered his room and closed the door. I passed into mine, and I heard Lady Chaudon disappear within the door of the west wing.

I did not feel sleepy. I undressed slowly and in silence, and, putting out the light, threw a large shawl over me and leaned from the open window, in the bright moonlight.

I leaned there, lost in thought. Dwell on my own uncertain fate, the strange coincidence which had brought me to that spot and left me planted in it; dwelling over the mysteries which seemed to envelope Chaudon; over the ominous appearance of Mr. Edwin Barley. How long I remained there, still as a statue, I knew not, certainly an hour, when I was startled by observing a movement in the garden.

And a very extraordinary movement, too, if it was that of a human being. Something dark, the height of a tall man, appeared to emerge from the clusters of trees by the path-way, approach a few steps, and then dart in again, and this was repeated over and over again, the man advancing always. It was like the motions of one who wished to come on, yet feared being seen: a full minute he stood within those dark trees, each time that he penetrated them.

I waited, gazing eagerly. It did strike me as being so singular, and my heart beat with a sudden chill. As he left the trees behind him he stood for a moment in the open moonlight, and took off his cap as he looked up at the windows. He was enveloped in a dark concealing cloak, but I saw enough to recognize the features as those of Mr. Chaudon, and he entered the private door in the wing of his mother's apartments—alone in, as it seemed to me, with a hasty, covert movement, like one afraid of being seen.

How had he got out of his room? That he had not come out of its door, I felt sure, for I had been so silent that I must have heard it had it opened. Besides, that door of his would only open with a jerk and a creaking noise. If there was another door to his apartment, it must lead into the wing inhabited by Mrs. Chaudon. Why had he been dodging about in that strange way in the grounds? why he he enveloped in a disguising cloak and cap? why had he entered the apartments of his mother? now in the midnight hour, when he had pretended to retire, and everybody had gone to rest? There was mystery at Chaudon.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REVELATION OF MR. CHAUDON.

"Good morning, Miss Hereford."

The words came from Mr. Chaudon, who was following me into the breakfast room, having that instant quitted his own. The breakfast hour, eight o'clock, had struck, but Lady Chaudon had not appeared: generally speaking she was punctually itself.

"I hope you slept well, Miss Hereford?"

"Perfectly well, sir, thank you. Better than you did, probably."

"That is scarcely possible," he laughed. "I fell asleep the instant I got into bed, and never woke till past seven this morning. That makes—let me see—it was eleven when we went up stairs, makes eight hours sleep."

"Why was he mystifying me? somehow it caused me vexation. I fixed my eyes upon his."

"You did not go to rest at eleven o'clock, sir?"

"Indeed I did. Why do you say that?"

"Then, sir, you must have risen again within an hour."

"Be assured I did nothing of the sort. Don't you remember my remark to my mother; that I should sleep without rocking? I was dead tired last night."

"But why do you speak so to deceive me, sir? I almost passionately asked—for in truth his deceit pained me beyond control, though I did not stay to analyze the reason why: I would rather he had struck me a blow. 'I saw you myself in the grounds last night at twelve o'clock.'"

"Saw me in the grounds?" he echoed, with every apparent astonishment. "You were dreaming, Miss Hereford."

"No, sir; I was wide awake. 'You were a cloak,' and were dodging amidst the trees."

"You say that I was dodging amidst the trees—that I wore a cloak?"

"Yes, sir, I do say it, for I most certainly saw you."

"Then most decidedly, Miss Hereford, it must have been my ghost. Ghosts—"

"Are you here, Mr. Harry?" interrupted Hill, opening the door and looking in.

"So you are back, Hill?" he exclaimed.

"I have been back an hour, sir: came by the Parliamentary train. And I am glad I did come back, sir, for my lady is ill."

Mr. Chaudon swung himself short round on his heel. "My mother ill! What is the matter with her?"

"Well, sir, I hardly know. I came to ask you to go in and see her?"

"She was very well last night," he exclaimed, striding up stairs in the direction of the west wing.

"You had better make breakfast, miss, as there's nobody to do it," Hill continued to me. "My lady won't be here. I'll order the urn in."

I made the breakfast, and waited, waited and waited. Mr. Chaudon did not come, and I rang to inquire whether any was to be taken in to Lady Chaudon.

My lady's breakfast had already been carried in by Mrs. Hill, was the reply of the footman.

At length he came, Mr. Chaudon. His face was pale, troubled, and he appeared lost in inward thought. From the signs I gathered that Lady Chaudon's malady was serious.

"I fear you have found Lady Chaudon worse than you anticipated, sir?"

"Yes—no—yes—not exactly," was the contradictory answer. "I hope it is nothing dangerous," he more collectedly added, "but she will not be able to leave her room to-day."

"Is she in bed, sir?"

"No, she is sitting up. My tea? thank you. You should not have waited for me, Miss Hereford."

He took his breakfast in silence, ringing once for Hill, to inquire after Mrs. Freeman. Hill said she was no worse. Afterwards he went into the grounds, and paced them with his arms folded, his head bent, as if in thought. I leaned against the window of the oak parlor, equally buried in thought, and was somewhat startled to hear his voice close to me.

"Will you allow me to make a confidant of you, Miss Hereford?—and an apology at the same time?"

I stammered forth "Yes," for he took me by surprise. His tones were cautious and low, as though he feared eavesdroppers, though no one was within hearing, or could have been, without being seen.

"You accused me of wandering about the grounds last night," he began, sitting on the stone ledge of the window outside, and putting his face within; "and I wrongly and foolishly denied it to you. As it is within the range of possibility that you may see me there again, at the same ghastly hour, I have been deliberating whether it may not be the wiser plan to impart to you the truth. You have heard of sleep-walkers?"

"Yes," I replied, staring at him.

"What will you say if I acknowledge to being one?"

"Of course I did not know what to say, and stood there like a statue, looking foolish. The thought that rushed over my heart was, what an unhappy misfortune to attend the sensible and otherwise attractive Mr. Chaudon!"

"You see," he continued, "when you accused me of having been in the grounds, I did not know that I had been there, and denied it, really believing at first you were mistaken."

"And do you positively walk in your sleep, sir?—go out of your room, out of the locked doors of the house, and pace the grounds?" I breathlessly exclaimed.

"Ay. Not a pleasant endowment, is it? Stranger things are heard of some who possess it: they spirit themselves on to the roofs of the houses, to the tops of the chimneys, and contrive to spirit themselves down again, coming to no harm. So far as I am aware, I have never yet attempted that feat."

"Does Lady Chaudon know of this?"

"Of course. My mother saw me last night, I find: she felt unable to sleep, she says, thinking of poor Mrs. Freeman, and rose from her bed. It was a light night, and she drew aside her curtains and looked from the window."

"You went into her apartments, sir, through the little door of the wing?"

"Did I?" he uttered, looking eagerly up at me. "What freak guided my steps there, I wonder? Are you sure? Did you see me come out again?"

"No, sir. I remained at the window, but I never saw you again. I am sure you went in."

"I must have come out as soon as I entered, no doubt. A pity you missed the sight a second time," he continued with a half-laugh. "I understand I had decorated myself off with a travelling cloak."

"I told you so, sir. And you wore a cap. As you emerged from the trees into the moonlight, you took the cap off, and turned your face up to look at the windows of the west wing. But for the view that I obtained then of your features, I should not have known it was you."

He sat still, pulling to pieces the petals of a white rose and scattering them one by one. "I trust I did not disturb you by any noise," he presently said. "In leaving my chamber I have to pass yours."

"On the contrary, sir, so entire was the absence of all sound, that I felt sure you could not have quitted your chamber after going into it. I concluded there must be another egress from it, opening to the east wing."

"Oh, you don't know how quiet and cunning sleep-walkers are: the stillness with which they carry on their migrations is incredible," was his rejoinder, delivered eagerly. "I noticed one thing that he did not deny the existence of a second door. In spite of his plausible reasoning, I could not divest myself of the conviction that he had not left his chamber by the entrance near mine."

"How do you get back to your room?" I asked.

"Always by the way I leave it. How else should I?"

"And is it a nightly occurrence, sir?"

"What's a walking about? Oh dear no. Months and years sometimes elapse, and I have nothing of it. The last time I 'walked'—is not that an ominous word for the superstitious?—must be at least two years ago."

"And then only for one night, sir?"

"More than one," he replied, a strangely grave expression settling on his countenance. "So, if you see me again, Miss Hereford, do not be alarmed, or think I have gone mad, but be prowling outside the house at midnight, like a robber."

"Mr. Chaudon, can nothing be done for you? to prevent it, I mean."

"Nothing, that I am aware of."

"If—of Lady Chaudon, or one of your men servants, were to lock you in the room at night?" I timidly suggested.

"And if I—finding egress stopped that way—were to precipitate myself from the window, in my unconsciousness?—what then, Miss Hereford?"

"Oh, don't talk of it!" I shuddered, placing my hands before my eyes. "I do not understand these things. I spoke in ignorance."

"Happily so do understand them," he replied. "I have told you this in strict confidence, Miss Hereford; and you will allow it to remain such. My mother is the only depository of the secret; but you must be careful not to speak of it to her."

"And the servants do not know it?" I returned in a whisper.

"Not one not even Hill. It would be most disagreeable to me, were the unpleasant fact to penetrate to them: neither might they be willing to remain in a house where there was a sleep-walker. The last time the fit was upon me, some of them unfortunately saw me from their upper windows: they recognized me, and came to the conclusion by some subtle force of reasoning, explainable only by themselves, that it was my 'fete,' or ghost. It was the first time I had ever heard of ghosts of the living appearing."

"Do you think they saw you last night?" was my next question.

"I hope and trust not," he replied, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety. "The fear is worrying my mother. You perceive, possibly, why I have told you this, Miss Hereford? You would not be likely to adopt the ghastly view of the affair, and might have spoken of what you saw, in the hearing of the servants, or of strangers. You have now the secret: you will keep it?"

"With my whole heart, sir," was my impulsive rejoinder. "No allusion to it shall ever pass my lips." And Mr. Chaudon took my hand, held it for a moment, and then departed.

I pondered over the revelation: it was a strange one; and I asked myself whether this physical infirmity, attaching to him, was the cause of what had appeared to me mysterious at Chaudon. That it might account for their not wishing to have strangers locate at Chaudon, sleeping in the house, was highly probable. Why I was not myself an illustration of the case in point? I, a young girl, scarcely a week in the house, and it had already become expedient to entrust me with the secret! Oh, yes! no wonder, no wonder that they shunned visitors at Chaudon!

I quitted the oak parlor and went up stairs. Hill stood in the corridor.

"Lady Chaudon is up, I understand," I observed to her.

"Well, I don't know where you could have understood that," was Hill's rejoinder, spoken in a sullen and resentful tone. "My lady up, indeed, ill as she is! If she's out of her bed in a week hence, it will be pretty well. Don't give credit to all you hear, miss."

Which was correct, Mr. Chaudon or Hill? He had asserted that his mother was up; Hill now said the contrary: why should they hold to different tales? Each, when they spoke, had but just left her presence.

Hill went into her rooms again, now, as she gave me the short answer, and I remained in deliberation. Ought I, or ought I not to profess a visit to Lady Chaudon?—to inquire if I could do anything for her. It seemed to me that it would be respectful so to do, and I moved forward and knocked gently at the green baize door.

There came no answer, and I knocked again—and again, softly always. Then I pushed it open and entered, I found myself in a narrow passage, richly carpeted, closed doors being on either side. The green baize door made a noise in swinging to, and out rushed Hill from one of the rooms: if ever terror was implanted in a woman's face, it was so then in hers.

"Heaven and earth, Miss Hereford! do you want to send me into my grave with fright?" ejaculated she.

"I have not frightened you? What have I done?"

"I don't! Do you know, miss, that no soul is permitted to enter these apartments of my lady, except myself and Mr. Chaudon? I knew it was not he, for there he is in view under the distant pine trees; and I thought—I thought—I don't know what I did to me. He so good, miss, as not to serve me no again."

Did she take me for a wild tiger, that she made all that fuss?

"I wish to see Lady Chaudon," I said aloud.

"Then you can't see her, miss," was the peremptory reply.

"That is, if it be agreeable to her to receive me."

"But it's not agreeable, and it never can be agreeable," returned Hill, working herself up to excitement. "Don't I tell you, Miss Hereford, my lady never receives in these rooms? Perhaps, miss, you'll be so good as to quit them."

"At least you can take my message to Lady Chaudon, and inquire whether—"

"I can't deliver any message, and I decline to make any inquiries," interrupted Hill, evidently in a fever of anxiety for my absence.

"Excuse me, Miss Hereford, but you will please return by the way you came."

Who should appear next on the scene but Lady Chaudon! She came out of the same room that Hill had done, and closing the door, held the handle of it in her hand. I was thunderstruck: not so much at her appearance, as at her looking apparently quite well. She wore her usual morning dress, a black gown and a widow's cap, and seemed as well as I was. In short, she looked just as usual. There stood she, gazing at the commotion, Hill made no ceremony, but took me by the shoulders as you would take a child, turned me towards the entrance and bundled me out of it, shutting the green baize door with a slam and propping her back against it.

"Now, Miss Hereford, you must pardon me; and remember your obstinacy has just brought this upon yourself. I couldn't help it; for to have suffered you to talk to my lady to-day, is almost as a matter of life or death."

"I think you are out of your mind, Hill," I gasped, recovering my breath, after the summary exit.

"Perhaps I am, miss; let it go so. All I have got to say, out of my mind or in it, is this: never you attempt to enter my lady's rooms in the next wing—they are kept sacredly private—and it's what would not be pardoned to you, after this warning, if you lived to be ninety years old."

"Hill, you take too much upon yourself!"

"If I do, my lady will correct me; so do not trouble your mind about that, Miss Hereford. I have not been her confidential attendant for sixteen years to be taught my duty now. And when I advise you to keep at a distance from these apartments, miss, I advise you for your own good. If you are wise, you will heed it: ask Mr. Chaudon."

She returned within the wing, and I heard a strong bolt slipped, effectually barring my entrance, had I felt inclined to disobey her: but I never felt less inclined for anything in my life than to do that. Certainly her warning had been solemnly uttered.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

"WRITE ON ONLY ONE SIDE OF A SHEET."—In answer to a correspondent, we may say that, while this rule is not imperative, it is one which we do not like to see violated. Besides its other advantages, it renders any correction of the manuscript easier, and even seems to make the writing plainer.

THE MESSAGE.

The President's Message appears to give general satisfaction, so far as the argumentative portion of it, and matters immediately before the country, are concerned. It is written with Mr. Lincoln's peculiar simplicity and brevity, and is distinguished by clearness of statement and force of reasoning. Its disclosures relative to Fort Sumter, place the action of the administration in a very favorable light, and show that everything was done that could be done to avoid a collision.

The President proposes that at least 400,000 men and \$400,000,000 be placed at the disposal of the government, to make the contest a short and decisive one. We learn from Washington that all was quiet during the reading of the message, until the clerk read the passage containing this recommendation. Then the whole House and the crowds in the galleries burst forth into tumultuous applause. That applause was a faithful indication of the temper of the country.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

The recent advices from France are not so favorable as previous ones. While there is little doubt about the sentiment of the French people, the course of the Government is more open to question. We quote three recent items of French news:

A recent French paper contains a correspondence between the merchants of Havana and the Minister in Paris. The merchants state that they fear the commerce of France may suffer from the state of things in this country, to which the Minister replies that he thanks them for their advice, but the French Government means to sustain her rights on this side of the world, and adds, that "between the two portions of the once United States of America, we will take care that the French flag is respected."

We read in the Paris letter of the Times, dated the 19th: "Captain Russell, who was appointed by the Minister of Marine to report upon the performance of the Great Eastern on her voyage to New York and back, has had audience of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. Captain Russell is stated to have expressed his opinion that a reunion between the Northern and Southern States is impossible, and that the establishment of two republics is inevitable. The armaments of the North, he says, are by no means so formidable as they are represented to be. Numerous regiments that figure on paper are reduced to a few privates, with the officers and staff as great comrades. He approached the same state of things exists in the South, and does not look on serious warfare as imminent for some time to come."

The following article on the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy appeared first in the *Patrie*, a French Ministerial paper, and was copied into the *Moniteur*, the organ of the Government. The italics are ours:—

"It is said that negotiations will shortly be opened to effect the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between France and the court of Turin. Should those negotiations take place, the result will be the recognition of the Italian kingdom, composed of the provinces and of the States which have been placed under the sceptre of his Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel, consequent upon events on which France has now no opinion to express, but which have been accomplished under favor of the principle of non-intervention recognized by Europe. The renewal of diplomatic relations with Turin would not imply, on the part of France, as regards the policy of the Italian kingdom, any judgment on the past, or any responsibility for the future. It would show that the *de facto* Government of this new State is sufficiently established for it to be possible to entertain international relations with it, which the interests of the two countries imperiously demand. France, by her new attitude, would not pretend to interfere in any manner in the internal or external affairs of the Italian kingdom, which remains sole judge of its conduct, as it is master of its future and of its destinies. It would act towards it as one of the great European Powers will act in the American question, by recognizing the new Republic of the Southern States when that Republic shall have constituted a government on a basis which will allow international relations to be entertained with it of advantage to general interests."

The Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News* says that Mr. Dayton, the U. S. Minister, "has remonstrated against the assimilation of the Southern States of America to Italy," contained in the above article.

It is useless to deny that the three items we have quoted, especially taken in connection, would seem to denote the existence of very little sympathy on the part of Louis Napoleon towards the American Union. Of course France, and all other Powers, will recognize the rebellious states, if they are able to maintain themselves. It is our own rule to recognize established governments—it is the only wise rule of action. But, while this is the case, an announcement like the above has an appearance of prematurely forejudging the issue, which does not seem compatible with the existence of a very friendly feeling towards the legitimate governments. If Mr. Dayton's remonstrance does not meet with a satisfactory response, we may as well take it for granted that Louis Napoleon means to acknowledge the independence of the revolted states as soon as he decently can.

But does the Emperor of France care a particle more for the rebellious than for the loyal states? He would be a silly man who should believe that. Then what can he mean? Does he no longer think the existence of the United States as a great Power promotive of the interests of France and his imperial sway? Does he think that "between the two portions of the United States of America," to use the significant language of his Minister, there may be room for European intrigues, European interests? And thus the New World be "exploited," to use a phrase with which he is doubtless familiar, for the benefit of the Old? It would be wrong to charge the ruler of France with such unworthy thoughts, basing the charge upon what may prove to be merely the thoughtless expressions of his subordinates.

But in these significant hints that come to us from abroad, cannot the rebellious states see the danger to all of us which they are invoking? If they even succeed, in one sense, do they not see that they open America to the danger of becoming a second Asia—and thus constantly made subsidiary to the interests of Europe? Shall Confederate America be played off by wily Emperors, and equally wily Trading and Landed Aristocracies, against United America—and Mexico and Canada also be made cat's paws to safely drag the plums out of the great Western pie? Americans—by whatever other name you may call yourselves—will you become mere cards and counters in the hands of European players, as Asia and Africa now are? Shall one small continent control all the rest of the world, for her own selfish interests? This is the great question now being decided in part in the present conflict.

We have readers in the uncertain Border States—we have readers in Canada—who will not all of them take these questions to heart? United, this Continent shall stand, and control itself, for its own good—Divided into little states, and we become the prey of Europe. The United States, so far, have protected not only themselves. The moral power of the mere existence of this Great Republic has rendered every people, and every colony even, more secure in its rights, from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn. Canadians, you owe us much. You are a freer colony this day than if we had not existed—you will be a more dependent people from the hour that we fall. Mexico, Central America, Brazil, even Chili, on the far South-West of the Southern half of the Continent, have reposed in greater safety under the shadow of our strength. Every European nation has known that we held ourselves to be, in an especial manner, the guardian and vindicator of the rights of this Western world. And we have had the power to make ourselves respected. That power has sometimes been abused.

We have sometimes worried the flock it was our duty to defend. But better ideas are now in the ascendancy. In the range of the Union is all the territory we require. We have a *Sparta*—we mean to improve it. Canada on the north is in no danger of any sinful coveting of her broad fields—nor Mexico nor Cuba on the south. Any future annexations must be at the request of the adjacent countries themselves. With Canada—inhabited by a people of kindred lineage and language—we do indeed think a union desirable. We say it frankly, but not with any covert design. Not one moment before Canada is ready, would such a union be beneficial. But in the interests of this great American continent, and of a new and fresh civilization, and for the good of all, it is desirable that Canada should ally herself with us.

It is this great idea, the People of America for the Continent of America, which needs strongly to be enforced at the present time. The chimera of State sovereignty—of loyalty being due to little communities, powerless to protect their citizens—if it should prevail, would wreck the fortunes and happiness, not only of the United States, but of the whole Western World!

Therefore, push on the War. For the sake of our deluded brethren themselves, push on the War. Effectually to bar all danger of European interference, from King or Emperor, push on the War. To preserve not only this Republic, but the great cause of Republicanism itself, push on the War. The destiny of a Continent may hang on the balance. Without rash haste, but without ceasing, with all our energies of body and of spirit, quailing neither at drain of public treasure, overthrow of private fortunes, or cost of human life, let us push on the War!

THE WAR.

While everything seems to be preparing for an onward movement at Washington—the regulars, the artillery, and the most reliable troops being ordered to the front—the word "forward" has not yet been given. At Fort Monroe, also, things remain quiet.

It is said that the Grand Army will advance from Washington in three divisions, the right led by Gen. Tyler, of Connecticut, the centre by Col. Hunter, who has been in general command at Fort Corcoran, the left by Col. Heintzelman, who has been in general command at Alexandria, the whole under Gen. McDowell. There will be a fourth corps of reserve. Each division will consist of not far from 10,000 men.

In Northern and in North-Western Virginia, important movements are in rapid progress. Gen. Patterson, at the head of 13,000 men, principally Pennsylvanians, has crossed the Potomac, driven back the enemy at Falling Waters, occupied Martinsburg, and will probably soon move forward to attack Gen. Johnston, if he awaits his coming, where he is said to have intrenched himself. Gen. Johnston's command is said to outnumber Patterson's, being reputed to be 15,000 men, of whom 400 are cavalry. We judge this, however, to be an exaggeration. Gen. Patterson has Burnside's Rhode Island battery, and Capt. Doubleday's.

Col. Stone is reported on his way to Harper's Ferry, and thence to join Gen. Patterson, with several thousand men.

Gen. McClellan's column seems to be concentrating for an attack upon Gen. Henry A. Wise, who is reported to

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

We see it stated that Major-General Fremont is deputed to head a large but select company, whose intention it is to pay a visit to several promising towns along the Father of Waters—especially to Memphis and New Orleans.

Certain citizens of those places have been expressing what is believed to be an affected desire to have a visit from their North Western brethren—and many others, who have said but little of late, are believed to cherish secretly the most intense longing to see the banner of the Union once more elevated high in their midst. Where there is such a general desire, real and affected, it would hardly comport with the character of a paternal government not to gratify it.

There has been a little delay in this visit, it is reported, owing to the want of the proper man to be the spokesman of the party. Gen. Lyon is said to be needed in Missouri, McClellan in Virginia, and Prentiss at Cairo. Fremont's return to the United States, furnishes, it is thought, the right man for the place. A number of gunboats will be immediately prepared for the expedition, as it is alleged that Generals Hardee and Pillow have made arrangements to give any visitors a warm reception. The former of these Generals has a very high reputation south—being having superintended the translation of a French work on Tactics—and has probably been sent west to complete his military education by taking a lesson from the even more celebrated Gen. Pillow on the art of throwing up intrenchments—this general being famous for always digging his trenches on what is generally supposed to be the wrong side, and thus so puzzling an old-school enemy as to what really is the outside or inside of his works, as to "throw him into confusion." We must admit that we have no general on the Union side who could meet Pillow on all equal terms, unless it is Gen. Pierce. And we shall think it a great blunder in the administration, if Gen. Pierce be not attached to Fremont's command. In fact, if one army could be put under Gen. Pierce, and the other under Gen. Pillow, it would probably be a sight not only for the whole country, but for the whole world, to look on and wonder at.

THE COMET.

As every one of our readers probably has seen the comet for himself, we think it useless to describe this new appearance upon the celestial stage. We would call it a "fixed fact," only it does not seem to be fixed at all. Its character is as fluctuating as the principles of a pot-house politician. So far the astronomers do not seem to recognize it—and they evidently were not expecting it. For this reason we are prepared to hear rather a disparaging account of the new luminary. Judging by what they tell us, it is, or is not, the Charles the Fifth comet—with the chances so far rather against it. One of the newspaper reporters of this city, in a brilliant and flowing description, says—"It tall covers half the heavens." We have never seen it so large as that—but then we are near-sighted. Its coming caused considerable coolness in the earth—at least we were conscious of a coolness on the part of the latter body, and suppose it was owing to the comet's unexpected appearance. Even the heavenly bodies probably may be put out by the sudden arrival of an unexpected visitor. Some think that the coming of this comet has a connection with the present troubles in this country—though the King of Siam, we believe, thinks it is all owing to his having got recently a new umbrella. The length of the comet's tail has not been computed yet; but, at a rough guess, we should say it was about 100,000,000 of miles. Its distance from the earth we infer to be at least as much, or else it might be dangerous for it to turn its tail in this direction; and we have no idea that this wonderful earth, which we have every reason to suppose is the pet planet of the whole universe, and the only one the higher powers take much thought of, would be allowed to be put in the least danger of such an inglorious end as being whisked into perdition by the tail of a luminary of no well defined and established character. For that matter, it is the general belief of many good men, that all the millions upon millions of comets, planets, stars, and suns exist only for the purpose of making the night look pretty to us important Earthlings. A belief which being very flattering to our vanity, is one that is generally acquiesced in, and which we are not sure that it would be quite orthodox to call into question.

But we have wandered from the comet—which that body doubtless will pardon, being itself a great wanderer from every subject. Our own opinion of the cometic nature is a very profound one—being that comets are simply ordained to preserve the equilibrium of the universe. We would develop still further our ideas upon this important subject, but as nothing less than an octavo volume would be sufficient for the purpose, we think it best to defer our observations until we are appointed chief star-gazer to the government observatory at Washington.

WESTERN TEXAS.—This portion of Texas, which is largely settled by Germans, is said to be on the point of following the example of Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. Secret Union associations are said to be daily forming, and General Carper, at the head of about 300 Unionists, is reported to have routed recently about twice that number of rebels. This news is very probably true, for there is no doubt of the Union feeling of Western Texas—though it may need to be properly supported before it acts vigorously.

GEN. SCOTT.—It is stated in letters from Washington that when the advance is made upon Richmond, Gen. Scott himself will take the field. If he does, it will infuse a fire and spirit into the soldiers that will render them irresistible.

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

ATROCIOUS.

The *Richmond (Virginia) Examiner*, of June 21st, contained the following paragraph:—
"Col. J. R. Hoge, with one hundred and thirty rangers, killed twenty-three Yankees, and brought their scalps to the quartermaster. He routed the rest, and drove them across the Potomac."

Could anything be more atrocious than the above? Just to think of men who have had the impudence to claim the possession of chivalrous qualities, not only employing savages in their service, but absolutely emulating one of the most infernal practices of those savages! And a Richmond paper publishes the account of the foul deed—so far as we can learn, without a word of censure.

Moreover, the account says that the scalps were "brought to the quartermaster"—leading almost necessarily to the inference that a bounty was proclaimed on them.

The whole thing is so horrible that we cannot avoid hoping, for the credit of human nature, and of the American name, that there is some wretched and ill-timed jest hidden in the *Examiner's* paragraph, and that even Secessionism has not sunk quite so low as that.

EXPENSIVE SKELETONS.

It seems that Louis Napoleon's agent has informed him that the American regiments are only skeleton ones. All we have to say is, that at the rate they dispatch ham, bread, coffee, &c., as they pass through Philadelphia, South, they seem determined not to continue skeletons. Perhaps that is the reason they eat so—they are skeletons, and desirous of being "filled up." When Louis Napoleon gets the Secretary of War's report, probably he will be enlightened. We see the New York skeletons have already cost that State \$10,000,000, and the Governor has issued a proclamation forbidding any more to be raised for the present. And, in this State, the Governor has offered fifteen more regiments to Mr. Cameron, which the government declines to receive. It is very transparent now how we get so many regiments—being skeletons, we have nothing to do but "raise" them.

POPULAR FEELING IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Harvey, Minister to Portugal, writes that the popular sentiment in England, Scotland and Ireland is almost entirely with the Union. He says:—

"I did not meet one man who expressed sympathy with the Southern movement. Spurgeon preached to a congregation of over six thousand people last Sunday, and closed with a prayer for the North and the extinction of slavery. The response from that mighty multitude was like the muttering of distant thunder. Such an amen never fell on my ears before. That fact tells the feeling which exists among the masses in England, and which no Ministry dare resist."

"The public men whom I have met in Europe look to the new Administration with great confidence for a solution of the great problem which now convulses our unhappy country, and they seem to see in the means now adopted the promise of a satisfactory end."

A lady friend in England writes us to the same effect—though we think there has been a change favorable to the Union since the Union has shown that it has some life in it. In fact, it is no wonder, though a pity, that our friends abroad should have grown cold for a time, the Government simply lying still and taking kicks from the hoof of every traitorous donkey, as if it were indeed a dead, and not a live lion. Now that Jonathan's himself again, he begins to find his old friends.

WELL THOUGHT OF.—That was well done, the presentation of a flag on the Fourth, by the "loyal citizens of Baltimore," to the Massachusetts Sixth, the regiment which was assailed by the mob of that city. The stars are encircled with the following inscription:—"The loyal citizens of Baltimore to the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts." Inside of this inscription, in another circle, are the words:—"Pratt Street, Baltimore, April 19, 1861."

Baltimore has thus made the *amende honorable*, and the sad bloodshed of April 19th should be regarded as washed out with noble and brotherly tears. Baltimore is really a noble city, full of brave men and beautiful women. A portion of her people have been a little out of their minds, but as they come to their senses they will see that the government has done nothing but what the imperative law of self-preservation—theirs as well as ours—required.

JUDGED BY HIS OWN WORDS.—A few years ago, Jeff. Davis was invited to attend the celebration of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, at Salem, Mass. In his letter of reply the following occurs:—

"To make war upon the government would be suicidal, and cannot be anticipated until madness and venality have usurped the seats of reason and virtue."

Have we not a right then to say that in the minds of those who are now making war upon the government, "madness and venality have usurped the seats of reason and virtue?"

WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT.—When Alexander Stephens's speech, declaring slavery to be the normal and safe condition of society was translated in Paris, the editor of a prominent journal would not believe it was genuine, as no man in his senses would promulgate such doctrine.

And yet it is even so. But what will the Paris editor say when he sees the quotation relative to scalping, from the *Richmond Examiner*?

PERFUMES.

Reader of This Post, do you like perfumes? Yes—and No, I hear you answer. A lady sweeps by you in a crowded public place, a cloud of perfume about her which is as real a presence as the lady herself. Ten to one it is an infliction—an instantaneous revelation of close drawers and unaired clothing, mingling with, perhaps overpowering the original pleasant scent. You think of the fair young girl who passed you on the highway with a lily in her hand, its faint fragrance drawing your senses after it in longing for more, as her maiden modesty draws your soul. The contrast sets you to analyzing the charm of odors. Purity, freshness, delicacy, the qualities that please you in flower-scents are quite as imperatively demanded from their artificial imitations. How few you use the costly products of the perfumer's skill observe these conditions! Absolute purity is only compatible with the most recent toilette. Sweetness depends wholly upon freshness, and that is evanescent as morning dew. The fragrance that floats to you on the air from a bed of flowers seems a living, breathing spirit; its coy salute and fanning wings ravish you into ecstacy. You may prize the dainty spritz in your scent bottle, but be sure it will pine, sicken and die, and that very quickly.

Your scent becomes a taint—disgust follows fast upon delight. Therefore people of the nicest perception are apt to prefer to take their perfume from the ministering hands of Nature; take it as a passing gift whose sweetness lies in its capricious and airy freedom.

THE TEMPER OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.—We see it stated that at Martinsburg, Virginia, "The people of the town received the Federal troops with quiet, but deep manifestations of joy. Ladies and children thronged the streets in perfect security, and with laughing, joyous hilarity, within two hours after the troops had pitched their tents. After eight o'clock not a soldier, save the guard, was seen in the streets."

We apprehend there is scarcely a state engaged in the rebellion, in which large sections cannot be found, which would receive the United States troops with as much joy as the people of Martinsburg have manifested. The mountain regions—the very heart of the rebellious states—would all gladly return to their allegiance, and run up the old flag. Western North Carolina, Northern Georgia, and Northern Alabama only need the appearance of the Union forces to return to the fold from which they have strayed.

THE SECESSION ARMY.—Judging by the annual appropriations made by the "Confederate State Congress," as officially given in the Richmond papers, there are 100 regiments of infantry, which would be about 80,000 men. Adding artillery and cavalry, 90,000 men would probably include the whole number. The greater portion of this army is probably in Virginia—there being, it is thought, about 20,000 men at Manassas Junction, and the rest scattered at Winchester, Richmond, Norfolk, Yorktown, &c. It is not likely that more than 20,000 can be concentrated at any point north of Richmond.

GOOD NEWS FROM FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—Late dispatches from Washington say that by the last steamer official dispatches were received, giving emphatic assurances that the English and French Governments will fully respect the blockade of the Southern ports, cotton or no cotton, and also that they heartily sympathize with the Federal Government.

It is also reported that the French Government had made satisfactory explanations relative to the article copied into the Monitor.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.—Congress met on the 4th. In the Senate, Messrs. Breckinridge and Powell, of Kentucky, Johnson, of Tennessee, one Senator from Missouri, and two from Delaware and Maryland were from the slaveholding states.

Mr. Wilson, of the Military Committee, gave notice of bills to ratify and confirm certain acts of the President, &c., &c.

NATIONAL GUARD.—The bill for the organization of a National Guard, which Senator Wilson has introduced, provides for the enrollment of 240,000 men, between 21 and 35 years of age, to be divided into two hundred regiments, of twelve companies each, apportioned among the states pro rata according to their representation in Congress. After six years' service, those who enlist are entitled to an honorable discharge, and to exemption from service on the jury. Eighty thousand are to be enrolled the first year, and the same number the second and third, so that a third may go out of service at a time. The President is to have power to call out the Guard, or any part of it, in case of invasion or insurrection, beyond the power of the civil arm.

THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.—The bill touching the volunteer force empowers the President to appoint not exceeding six Major-Generals and eighteen Brigadiers. The bill enlarging the regular army empowers the President to increase the old regiments to the standard of the new.

In the House, Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was elected Speaker, and Mr. Enderidge, of Tennessee, Clerk. Whole number of votes for Speaker, 157. Grow, 99; Blair, 11; Crittenden, 12; the rest scattering. Messrs. Blair and Colfax having withdrawn their names.

Votes for Clerk.

For Mr. Etheridge	91
Forney	21
Dietrich	21
Chittenden	21

In the House, in addition to members from the slave states repudiated in the Senate, five members from Virginia were present. The usual resolutions were passed, and then adjourned.

NEW CONGRESSMAN.—Col. Biddle (Union Dem.) has been elected to fill E. Joy Morris's place in the Second Philadelphia district. The vote for Biddle was 3,380 to 3,788 for O'Neill (People's party). The whole vote was 7,168 to 13,511 a year ago. The papers generally opposed a party nomination.

A MEETING has been held in London for the benefit of the fugitive slave Anderson and his kinmen in Canada. He alleged that he was under the necessity of killing the man, so as to effect his escape, and the meeting fully endorsed the act. Another meeting in New York, in behalf of Anderson was to be held in Exeter Hall on the 24th of July.

LATEST NEWS.

ANOTHER ROUBINCK, PROBABLY.—BALTIMORE, July 7.—Henry May (Congressman) left Baltimore on Tuesday last for Richmond, where he now is. Various rumors are in circulation in relation to his visit. Previous to starting, he had an interview with President Lincoln, but whether in connection with his visit is not known. It is said today, that he was invited to Richmond by Jeff. Davis, and that he is accompanied by two prominent Pennsylvanians, both friends of the Government.

WASHINGTON, July 6th.—Intelligence has been received, to-day, that the Confederate forces under Jackson have joined the command of Johnson, and fallen back upon Winchester. On the road from the latter point to Alexandria they have located six heavy pieces of cannon, while six more are said to have been recently put in position on a farm near Vienna. Those on the Winchester and Alexandria road are said to be near Fairfax.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Gov. Wise, with a body guard of fifty men, under Capt. Patton, had been fired at by the native Virginians near Haysville, and Wise and Patton were supposed to be mortally wounded. Forty of the guard are also said to be killed. Haysville is in Kanawha county, about twenty-five miles from the Ohio river. The report is undoubtedly true in substance, but the wounding of Wise and Patton needs confirmation.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Several regiments have been sent to Martinsburg to reinforce Gen. Patterson.

There will probably soon be a battle between the secessionists under Johnson and Wise, and the U. S. troops under Patterson and McClellan.

NEWS ITEMS.

EAST TENNESSEE.—The Union majority in East Tennessee is said to be 25,000.

It is believed, on the authority of the best scouts in General Scott's service, that the whole number of armed Confederate troops in Virginia is not more than 75,000 men, and that 25,000 of these are in and around Manassas Junction.

DR. HUGHES, of Washington, who has been a prisoner at Richmond, confirms the statements concerning the scarcity of provisions, and the exaggerated number of troops. There is no lack of facilities for arming all the U. S. troops that may be called into the field. There is an abundance of ordnance, stores and other implements of warfare.

THE PRESIDENT.—We find the following little incident stated in the correspondence of an exchange which vouches for its entire authenticity. It will relieve the minds of some persons who thought that Mr. Lincoln had no decision and firmness for his trying position. The story is, that on the morning after the news of the bombardment of Sumter reached Washington, the President sent for Gov. Chase, and read to him his proclamation. The Governor was astonished, and asked, "Who has advised this, sir?" "None," he replied; "I wrote it myself last night, and you are the first man who has heard it read. I shall read it to each member of my Cabinet, and it will be published to the world to-morrow." "Thank God, sir! the country is saved," was the reply.

An important reform in the British army has just been introduced by the Duke of Cambridge. He has abolished the purchase of commissions in the service. Soldiers hereafter must earn and deserve, not buy, their rank. This regulation is said to have produced a terrible sensation in Tapscott.

We perceive that some of the Boston papers are complaining about gross cheating in the uniforms and equipments of their volunteers. New York ditto. So also Ohio. These, with our own, are the States of all others best able to fit out their men well.

SIXTY EIGHT second lieutenants remain to be appointed in the twelve new regiments. It is intimated that these commissions are reserved for those who may distinguish themselves in the volunteer service.

MAJ. GEN. PILLLOW issues two proclamations in *The Memphis Bulletin* of the 24th. One recalls the order that whiskey and tobacco be distributed with rations. He says he gave the order on his own responsibility, supposing the Military Board would allow it, knowing the soldiers were gentlemen, and used to plenty of whiskey and tobacco.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Gentlemen from Clarksburg report that on Sunday night week two regiments of Ohio volunteers, the Third and Fourth, went down from Clarksburg to Buckhannon, in Upshur county, and attacked a secession camp, killing twenty-nine and taking two hundred prisoners, together with a large lot of camp equipage, &c. The Federal forces had not a man killed or wounded.

GEN. LEE'S wife, formerly Mary Custis, remarked a few days ago that her husband "had sweated great drops of blood because of the final step he had taken in joining the rebels."

FIFTEEN HUNDRED negroes and white men have been set at work by the rebels between Manassas and Southfield station, and are filling up the railroad track. The object is to prevent the advance of Federal troops in that direction.

It is said in England that Spain has given a pledge that, whether St. Domingo is annexed or not, slavery shall not be introduced into the island.

THE PENNSYLVANIA correspondent of the *Monitor* writes that the steamer *York*, built, arrived at Port Pakenham on the 20th ult., and landed Wilson's Zouaves.

THE MISSOURI rebel troops seem to be falling back on Arkansas, as Ben McClellan is in a proclamation to Arkansas secessionists to rally at Fayetteville and sustain them.

MAJ. GENERAL FREMONT is to command the "Western Department," which includes the States of Illinois, and the States and Territories of the Missouri, Wisconsin and on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

THE GREAT EASTERN has arrived at Quebec with troops. At Liverpool, on the 27th, Col. was from, Broadbent's growing firmer, and provisions steady.

CONFISCATION OF REBEL PROPERTY. The Secretary of the Treasury says, in his report:—

"It will not, perhaps, be thought out of place if the Secretary suggests here that the property of those engaged in insurrection or in giving aid and comfort to the insurgents may properly be made to contribute to the expenditures made necessary by their criminal misconduct, as a part of the punishment due to the order on the part of the government in the calamities of civil war, and thereby bringing distress upon so many innocent persons. Congress may justly provide for the forfeiture of the whole or part of the estates of the offenders, and for the payment of its proceeds into the public treasury."

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, has given notice that he shall introduce "a bill to confiscate the property of all the governors of the states, the members of the Legislature, Judges of the Courts, and all the military officers above the rank of Lieutenant, who shall take up arms against the Government of the United States, or aid or abet treason against the Government, and that all such persons be forever disqualified from holding any office of honor, emolument or trust in the Government, such property to be applied to restore to the Union men, in the rebel states, any losses they may have suffered."

THE BATTLE OF FALLING WATERS.

This battle was fought about two miles beyond Falling Waters, and within one and a half miles of Hainesville. It was between 3,500 Virginia troops and the advance of Gen. Patterson's column, composed of McMillen's company of Philadelphia Rangers, Philadelphia First City Troop, a Wisconsin regiment, and the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment.

Gen. Patterson's column, since the victory, is said to be greatly delighted with the victory, as it is one of the kind he likes—an important one and being attained with little loss. The following is Gen. Patterson's telegram to head quarters:—

"HOCK RIVER, near Martinsburg, July 3d.
To Colonel E. D. Townsend, Asst. Adj. General."

"Left Williamsport at 6 o'clock, A. M., to-day, for this place. We drove and routed the rebels, about 10,000 strong, with four guns, and now occupy this camp, with the loss, I regret to say, of three killed and ten wounded. (Signed) R. PATTERSON, Maj. Gen. Commanding."

It is said that Gen. Scott was so much gratified with this news that the President was roused from his sleep to receive it.

Gen. Patterson's report of the numbers of the rebels is probably a mistake, as Col. Dare found in one of the camps the rebels had just left, the following note unfinished:—

"CAMP STEVENS, July 2, 1861.
DEAR SIR:—I have written two or three letters to you and Ellen, but not being able to get them to the post-office, had to tear them up. Our nearest post-office is at Martinsburg, about four miles from camp. We have been at this camp nearly two weeks. There are about 3,500 troops here, all Virginia troops, under Col. Jackson. The troops from other States are at Winchester."

It is fair to presume that about the time the gentleman had proceeded this far, with his epistle, something turned up which compelled him to postpone the latter part of it indefinitely.

The troops under General Patterson who crossed the river are estimated to number 13,000, with three batteries, Burnside's, Perkins's, and Doubleday's, and 500 cavalry. They are all Pennsylvania volunteers, with the exception of about 400 regular cavalry, the First Wisconsin volunteers, and Doubleday's artillery. The Fourth Connecticut are still at Hagerstown, and two Pennsylvania regiments at Williamsport, making about 16,000 in all under General Patterson's command.

The telegraphic account of the battle near Hainesville was exceedingly meagre and unsatisfactory. This fact may be accounted for by mentioning that the Government operator at Hagerstown became so excited, when the account of the fight reached him, that he shouldered his musket within a quarter of an hour to rejoin his comrades in Virginia. From the accounts in the Press and Inquirer we take the following:

The Potomac was crossed at an early hour on Tuesday morning, July 3d. McMillen's Rangers dashed in first, the City Troop and Gen. Patterson and staff followed, and after them came the two regiments of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

The remaining regiments took the matter less impetuously, and so lost their share in the honors of the battle. They marched leisurely into a field on the margin of the river, removed their boots, stockings, drawers, and breeches, wound these articles around their waists, and thus, with the whole lower portion of their bodies nude, and their white muslin shirts flying in the wind, preceded by a full band in similar undress, they plunged into the stream and reached the opposite shore.

Here they readjusted their dress, and avoided the wet garments and soaking shoes of their predecessors. Our informant states that the appearance of the regiments thus proceeding was ludicrous in the extreme.

It was full daylight when these latter regiments proceeded up the river. Beyond the toll gate, the road hard and narrow, dotted with farms and groves, went meandering up and down the hills. The troops did not march shoulder to shoulder, but scattered along the way to beat blackberries and quest for Virginia.

All the occupants of the farm houses came out to see them, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs.

Most of the people professed to be Unionists, and were, in semblance at least, glad to see their deliverers. Their own troops had spoiled them shamefully, turning their horses to graze in the urine-wet fields, and exclaiming corn and meal without money and without price. A curious feature of the march was the appearance of many Union refugees, who hung to the skirts of the advance guard of our army. These people had been driven away just as harvest was shining upon the grain fields. They came back with songs and full hearts, often bursting into tears when their homes appeared to them again all deserted and desolation.

Notable features of the "pike" were the caps in the fences, where frequently dozens of panels were levelled, with the object of unembarrassed pursuit to ease our volunteers should retreat.

Over the road, this solid and pleasant to walk upon, our regiments walked into the pleasant farms lands of Virginia, bearing above them the flag that its people loved, while the packed up in places knapsacks and canteens, dropped by the flanks, all of which were marked with the inscription, "Virginia State Volunteers."

From some jackets and caps, &c., thus relinquished, our informant is enabled to say that no Pennsylvania troops are so miserably clothed. Their uniforms—gray, trimmed with black—were of the commonest kind of coarse cloth.

While thus marching along in the dawn, the hinder regiments, among which was the Scott Legion, heard the first peals of the cannon far ahead. Instantly every man fell into a run, and with wild shouts they broke away, anxious to be "up the road and at 'em." At each new peal their step became quicker, but lagged lags would not atone; the fight was over before they reached the ground!

With the latter regiments our informant—a civilian—was traveling. He instantly took up his pony at the sound of the cannon, and dashed away in the direction of the firing. Coming to a frame farm house beside the road, temporarily converted into an hospital, he dismounted, and found inside the body of George Drake, of Company A, First Wisconsin Regiment. The deceased had been shot through the breast, and fell dead at once, exclaiming at the moment, "O! my mother!" He looked as placid and fair, lying thus to wake no misgivings as if resting in a gentle sleep.

Around him, grouped upon the floor, lay a number of wounded men, among them a secessionist, who had been shot in the eye by a musket ball, which carried away the bridge of his nose and a part of his eyebrow. The reporters of the newspapers, including Col. S. J. Rice, of this city, were here, now looking in hand interrogating the wounded as to the fight.

The second stated that he had been a Union man, but impressed into the Virginia ranks under promised death in case of refusal. Our informant turned the covertest down

from his face, and the fellow looked up at him silently through his gashed and dripping eye.

The women in this house had rushed to the woods in the beginning of the action, but returned after the battle and cheerfully assisted the wounded, making mattresses and bandages for them.

Further on (three miles from the Potomac) they reached Porterfield's farm, the battle-ground proper.

It seems that Gen. Patterson and staff, with the First Wisconsin regiment and the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment (Col. Jarrett), preceded by the City Troop and Doubleday's battery, the whole led by Capt. McMillen and the Philadelphia Independent Rangers, reached this farm at seven o'clock in the morning. The enemy were drawn up behind the house, in line of battle order, with their park of four guns directly upon the turnpike, bearing upon our ranks.

McMillen's men were some rods in advance, and their first opened fire. The first cannon shot of the enemy passed over the heads of our men, a single ball striking the gable of Porterfield's dwelling, and passing out at the peak of the roof.

They fired badly, not a single cannon ball, during the whole action of a half hour's duration, inflicting a mortal wound. One ball passed between a soldier's musket and his cheek, and almost simultaneously, a second shot struck his gun, bending the tube double and sending the splinters into his face and breast. The man will probably lose an eye.

Their first discharges of musketry were aimed too high, but subsequently they aimed low, and most of the wounded upon our side were struck below the knees.

Our men advanced continually, loading and firing, until the Wisconsin regiment had approached to within three hundred yards, and McMillen's men were less than one hundred yards from the rebel's advance line.

They must have lost, from all statements, at least one hundred killed and wounded. Their ambulances were ordered to the front, and our men saw them heaping in the fall, to be in time for retreat.

After firing for an hour or less, they retired at a rapid trot and in great disorder, seeming to labor to overstep each other in their flighty purpose.

At Hainesville, three miles beyond, they made a second futile and shorter stand, but were driven back with renewed loss. This latter place had been the site of their encampment. Gen. Patterson was delighted with the Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Wisconsin regiment.

Our own troops had no sooner reached the village than they scattered on a pleasure excursion. One of the first places to which they paid their respects was the store and post-office of one Turner, the secession postmaster of the village. This man had particularly signified himself for partisan meanness. He had been an applicant for the postmastership, but Mr. Myers, an opponent, was appointed; whereupon Turner received the appointment through Mr. Jefferson Davis's government. The latter procured the arrest of Myers upon the charge of treason to Virginia. He was thrown into prison, and condemned to die, but was released a few days before the battle.

Being thus particularly inimical to the soldiers and the Government, Turner's house was at once visited by the troops. They smashed his furniture and ripped open his beds, finishing the work by splintering the old family clock.

Turner himself was arrested in the woods, and brought into town, followed by his daughters. He looked very sheepish, and was at once put under guard. A secession flag was found in his place, and great numbers of envelopes marked "Confederate States of America."

His daughters—waspyish young ladies—seemed solicitous only for their dresses. One of them, standing amid the wreck of her household goods, made piteous inquiries for a certain new bonnet that she had left in a hand box in the second story. It being found that a soldier had put his foot through both hand-box and bonnet, she burst into a flood of piteous grief and said, "They might have left that; none but an angel could wear it."

The exception of these young ladies, no females were seen in the town, all of the softer sex having fled to Martinsburg and Winchester.

Before leaving Williamsport, a picket saw a man standing upon a homestead, waving a lantern. Said action was probably a signal to the enemy of the march of our troops. The man has been arrested and the affair will be investigated. Two regiments of Pennsylvania troops are on guard this town.

The secessionists appear to have been well armed in this fight. These taken carried Minie bullets of Harper's Perry pattern. The enemy did not show very great courage.

The Color Sergeant of the Wisconsin Regiment was the first man wounded, but he bravely kept the flag up until some one came to relieve him.

Lieutenant Colonel Wilson, of the secession force, is said to be lying in a house, short distance from our camp, mortally wounded.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, must be considerable. One man who witnessed their retreat, certifies that he saw them carry twenty-seven dead bodies past his home, and that they had got their wounded into wagons were taking them off as fast as possible. He says there could not have been less than fifty wounded.

TWO DAYS.

April 1861, 1872. April 1861, 1861.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Fought the brave in former days,
Pinnons flashing o'er their
Battles worthy of their blades,
And the soil that bore them;
In the valleys, on the heights,
Where the footmen met them,
Honor's words which brought our rights,
Who can e'er forget them?

Cried the brave of former days,
When the strife was over,
And the blood of vanquish'd foes,
Dyed the summer clover—
Kneeling on their well-worn fields,
Eyes with glory lighted—
"God! we thank Thee, Lord of Hosts!
Let us stand united!"

"By those good, red swords which Thou
In Thy might hast strengthened,
By our noble flag which now
In the breeze is lengthened,
By the angel of our host,
By our hopes of Heaven,
Bless our Union and our east
And our bitter leaven!"

"If a heart forewears this cause,
Let its blood be taken!
If a soul forsakes these laws,
Let it be forsaken!
Let the councils of our land
Worship and adore Thee:
Like a city on a hill,
Let no shame before Thee!"

Would that skies so bright above,
Would that mountains hoar,
Down had toppled on that host,
A monument of glory!
Better die than live to see
Discord's wild avatar,
Live to build a house on sand,
Which the whirlwinds scatter!

Oh, my country! Oh, my God!
Must we fall forsaken!
Rolls the evil thro' the land,
And the strong are shaken!
Father rises against son,
Brother against brother,
In the shadows of the hearth,
Moans the weeping mother!

Oh, ye brave of former days!
Shroud and cere cloth rending,
Draw your silent, slumbering blades,
Haste to our defending!
Fill the olden ramparts up,
Wave your airy banner,
Step by step win your old fields,
In the olden manner!

Where your shining armor drops
Down the tide of battle,
Bayonets will forget to thrust,
Cannons cease to rattle,
And throughout the silent land,
This pure prayer shall quiver:
Bless our Union, God or Hosts!
UNION—NOW—FOREVER!

Philadelphia.

THE GORILLA.

The "gorilla" has been one of the recent excitements of London talk—and we give herewith a picture and sketch of the animal, ugly and monstrous as it is. The sketch is condensed from Du Chaillu's "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa."

In Africa, the land of monsters, there are no animals more remarkable and of which, till lately, less was really known, than those gigantic apes whose existence, and not flatterings to man, had been asserted and doubted till bones were brought over to England, which, on examination by competent naturalists, rendered the existence of some gigantic ape a certainty, and so much of the gorilla as was then known was described. But now we know much more about him. Only a few months since, the return of an American traveller from the equatorial part of Western Africa, loaded with the spoils of a chase of hairy four-handed savages instead of lions and elephants, has thrown a flood of light on this subject and cleared up almost all doubtful points, so that we are now as well informed concerning these man apes of equatorial Africa as we were with regard to the hippopotamus and giraffe before they had been domesticated in the Zoological Gardens.

The unhealthy swamps on the shores of Africa south of the Guinea coast, and the country back towards the interior for a narrow strip of some sixty or seventy miles, is the home at once of the most degraded and fiercest of all human tribes, and of the apes that approximate most nearly to the human type. Not only have we there the fierce gorilla, the most powerful of the four-handed animals, but a strict vegetarian, and mischievous only for amusement, but also the fiercest of bipeds, animals called men, who are dependent on human flesh for their daily meals. The author, who describes to us the gorilla as the most bellicose and fearful-looking monster that could be conceived, states that in the native African village he entered after bagging his first specimen of man-ape, he met a woman who "bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to the market and carry thence a steak." After being introduced to the authorities of the village, he was conducted to a house where he slept, and on going out next morning, he noticed a pile of ribs, leg and arm bones, and skulls (all human), piled up at the back of the premises, this being the accumulation, we are led to suppose, of the waste of such food as ordinarily came to hand. Such was Mr. du Chaillu's introduction to Gorilla land, and so low does human nature seem to have sunk where it makes its nearest approach to the brute.

Three species, all of very large dimensions, and each having some well-marked peculiar-

ty of form and habits, have been added to the naturalist's list by the traveller we have just named. Of these the gorilla takes the first rank, although this and perhaps all of them have been vaguely alluded to in earlier descriptions of travellers before they were examined and their habits made out by the naturalist.

Up to the publication of Mr. du Chaillu's book, the chimpanzee of Western Africa, the orang-outang of Borneo, and the prongo from Batavia, were the only large apes of which any accurate account had been given, so that he at once doubles the stock of knowledge in this important department of natural history.

It may seem singular that animals which are certainly very common on and near the coast of Africa, should have remained so long unknown to the multitude of persons who have for centuries traded in the immediate vicinity. But the swamps of a tropical river are not frequently visited out of curiosity, and had it not been that Mr. du Chaillu was born and bred in African malaria, it may be doubtful whether he would have returned to tell his tale.

The gorilla, in the judgment of Mr. du Chaillu, and, we believe, in the opinion of all who have seen the skin, the stuffed animal, or the drawings of the living animal, or who have carefully read the accounts that are given of him, would certainly bear away the palm of ugliness from all living creatures. Like all the monkey tribe, the fore extremities, or arms, are long and muscular in proportion to the hinder extremities, or legs, and the latter terminate with true hands, provided with opposing thumbs instead of feet and toes.

Standing on its hinder extremities—which appears to be its usual posture when on the ground and not in actual motion—a large male gorilla attains a height of five feet nine inches, or perhaps occasionally more, but, in consequence of the vast size of the body and the unusual proportions, the animal looks to be much taller than he really is. The spread of the arms of such an individual is nine feet, and the circumference of the chest upwards of five feet. The hands are terrible claw-like weapons, with one blow of which the creature can tear out the bowels of a man, or break his arms. Both hands and arms possess immense muscular development. The feet, or rather foot-hands, are of corresponding size and strength, the great toe measuring six inches in circumference, this being also the size of the middle finger of the hand at the first joint. The fingers are all short, and the nails short, thick, and strong, and often worn, but they are shaped like those of man. The head is almost as wide as it is long, and nearly of human proportions; and the foot, although wider in proportion than ours, and distinctly hand-like, is still more like the human foot than that of the other apes. Owing to its weight and habits of feeding the animal does not seem often to inhabit or even climb trees.

The head of the gorilla does not approach very nearly even to the lowest negro or Australian type of the human head, either in the form of the skull or capacity of brain, for the skull recedes further back, the facial angle different, and the brain barely half the weight. This baboon-like character, the form of the face, and its hairy covering, the deep-set eyes, the muscular development of the cheeks, and the projecting canine teeth, all combine to render the animal extremely frightful. When meeting an enemy "the grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity, the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles, and the slight, sharply cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit." The vast paunch, swelled with berries and other vegetable food, protrudes before the animal in walking, and adds to the hideousness of its appearance, which is not improved by the iron grey hair covering its black skin.

Gorillas are only met with in the darkest and most impenetrable jungle where they are found in pairs, the male accompanied by a single female. The male sits down on a rock, or against a tree, in the gloomiest corner, where the brightest sun could with difficulty penetrate, and the female feeds by its side, and gives the alarm by running off with loud and sudden cries and shrieks. In case of intrusion, when the female has departed, the male, after remaining still for a moment, with a savage frown on its face, slowly rises to his feet, and looking with glowing eyes at the intruder, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters a frightful roar. This commences with several sharp harks, like an enraged or mad dog, and then follows a long deeply guttural rolling roar, continuing more than a minute. This roar, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep thunder of a coming storm, and is heard through the stillness of the forest to a great distance. The horror of the animal's appearance at such times is stated as beyond description, and must be fully appreciated, as it is not considered safe for the hunter to fire till he approaches very near. When aware of danger, and the gorilla determines to attack, "he advances by short stages, stopping occasionally to utter his diabolical roar and to beat his breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense bass-drum. Sometimes, after standing for a while, he seats himself and beats his chest, looking fiercely at his adversary. When he advances his walk is a waddle from side to side, his short hind legs being evidently somewhat inadequate to the proper support of the huge body. He balances himself by swinging his arms as sailors walk on shipboard, and the vast paunch, the round bullet head, joined awkwardly to the trunk, with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms and deep cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to the ferocity of its appearance." Mr. du Chaillu

"All the apes are four-handed, and are thus equally distinguished from the human race, by their two hands and two feet, and from quadrupeds, or four-footed beings.

states that he has had to wait for five minutes during this advance until the animal approaches to within from five to eight yards at which distance alone it is safe to fire. A shot in the breast is sure to bring him down, and the mark is broad, but if the shot should fail to hit a vital part or the gun miss fire, the chances of the hunter are but small, and if he runs he exposes himself to certain death.

The common walk of the gorilla when not enraged is not on his hind legs, but on all fours, and in this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and the hind legs in running are brought far beneath the body, while the leg and arm on the same side move together, giving the beast that curious kind of motion already alluded to as a waddle. The female escapes by running away, seldom attacking, and even the young rarely seem to take to trees when pursued, preferring to escape by running. Both young and old can, however, climb without difficulty.

The strength of the gorilla is enormous. A young one of two or three years old required four stout men to hold it, and even then in its struggles bit one severely. With its jaws the grown male can dent a musket barrel, and with its arms break trees from four to six inches in diameter. In attacking it uses its arms, but in a close struggle no doubt its teeth come into action, for the jaws are of tremendous weight, the muscles large, and the canine teeth or tusks exceedingly powerful.

On several occasions the young of the gorilla has been taken. Du Chaillu's hunter shot a nursing mother once—a wicked deed, as it seems to us. Our author says—
After many disappointments, when out in search of the gorilla, with a negro escort, I at length obtained a view of the gigantic ape. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running towards the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit, but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us. I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I shot the gorilla this first time. As they ran on their hind legs, they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

In a short time the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had come through the jungle on his all-fours, but when he saw our party he crested himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision, thus stood before us this king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it sounded like an immense bass-drum which in its mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly, he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet; death had done its



THE GORILLA.

work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

We were afterwards walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby gorilla hanging to her breast, and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching, that I held my fire, and I cried it, while the men here the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, snout at it, and gave utterance from time to time to a plaintive cry, "Hoo, hoo, hoo," which reached my heart. I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not walk, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed docile, for an already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry towards me when he saw me.

Later in the day we came upon one of our party who was found wounded on the ground. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met a gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen yards. He stood on ground, and as quickly as he could reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed in out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall, and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this blow lay bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws. When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground, and go off into the woods.

On the whole, it would seem that no animal yet described can be compared with the gorilla for unsightliness, fierceness, strength, and hatred, and perfect fearlessness of the human race. In spite of all this, however, its skeleton makes a far nearer approach to the human skeleton than that of any known animal living or extinct. The most essential difference is in the brain capacity of the skull, for in all other respects the resemblance is so close as to amount to identity. Thus, the absolute height, the number of pairs of ribs, the number of vertebrae of the back, the form of the bones of the extremities (which are only relatively disproportionate), their dentition (the canine teeth only being greatly elongated in the male)—all these correspond almost exactly. Certainly this near approximation is not flattering, unless we regard it as showing how completely our animal structure is consistent with the most hateful animal development that can be conceived, and how entirely we are redeemed from being devils by that breathing into our nostrils the breath of intellectual existence and capacity by which man became a living soul.

Perhaps in all creation no greater miracle can be conceived than that crowning work which, selecting an animal the most unsightly, the fiercest, the most untamable, and the most treacherous of all, as the foundation, has with scarcely a change in the bodily framework, produced the noblest and most intelligent being, the lord of creation, of which we are impressively told that he was formed "in the image of God." What the law of development could do, or whatever else the law of production of species may be, seems to have terminated in the gorilla. Intellectual, a moral sense, and a soul being super-

added, the gorilla is converted into a man, and when we compare the lowest and most degraded men, such as the native tribes of Western Africa or of Australia, with these prototypes in bony framework, the distinction is just as great, and the gulf spanned just as wide, as if we take higher and more developed types for comparison. The stupid, weak savage will still make a prey of the yet more stupid but enormously more powerful gorilla, for the one uses reason, and the other has only his instincts.

Thus it appears that in a small tract of the most unhealthy part of the coast of Africa, not indeed uninhabited by man, but containing only such tribes as have the smallest intellectual development, and are least civilized, there are in the thick forest no less than three newly-discovered species, in addition to one already known, of that curious family of large apes which approach nearest in size and form to ourselves. All of them are capable of walking upright on their hinder extremities, although these are more like hands than feet. All range from four to six feet in height when full grown; they are all very powerful, and all have bodies very large in proportion to their height. All of them are quite black in the adult state, and are covered more or less with hair, and all are strict vegetable feeders. None of them have tails. The canine teeth are very prominent in some of the species, but the great strength lies in the arms, the jaws, and the body. The voice is little known, except by the fierce roar of the gorilla, and the monotonous cry of the kooloo, but it has not in any case been recognized as articulate. These apes, with serpents and crocodiles, and a small sprinkling of elephants, hippopotami, leopards, and some large deer of various kinds, seem to be the natural inhabitants of the country. There are also insects in abundance, among which the ant holds the first rank.

And if, as we suppose, the earth is peopled with a view to ensure the greatest amount of good for all created beings, it is evident that in such a country these animals are the only ones adapted to the circumstances of existence. The men of such climates are of necessity low in the scale of creation, and were it not that they or their children would improve if removed to a better climate, they might take rank with the gorilla and the chimpanzee. It will probably be long before another traveller will be found to venture in Mr. du Chaillu's footsteps, and give us fresh details of the singular apes he discovered, and thus it is well to realize to ourselves as far as possible these results of his late expeditions.

HOW A DARKEY GOT TO EASTON.

The Easton Express relates the following incident how a darkey got to Easton on the Belvidere road—

A genuine son of Ham, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, asked the conductor, Mr. —, to let him ride to Easton, but he refused to do so. As the train was about starting, however, one of the hands employed on it told Sambo to jump on, which he did. After the train had been some time on its way, the conductor, in passing round to collect the fare, came to where Sambo sat, when the following dialogue ensued:

Conductor—"Where's your ticket?"
Sambo—"Got none, massa."
C—"Who told you to get on?"
S—"De gentleman on de injin."
C—"Well, I want you to get off at the next station."
S—"Yes, sa."

At the next station, sure enough, Sambo got off, but when the conductor called out "all aboard," he jumps on again. Presently Mr. Conductor, in going his rounds again, came to where Sambo sat, when the dialogue was revived:

C—"Didn't I tell you to get off at the last station?"
S—"Yes, sa, so I did, but den you say 'all aboard,' den I pops on agin."
C—"Well, now I tell you to get off at the next station."
S—"Yes, sa, I will."
At the next station as before, Sambo got off, and at the words "all aboard," he jumps on again. The train had sped some distance on its way, when the conductor was not a little surprised and chagrined to find his colored passenger still aboard.

C—"I told you that you should get off at the last station? Why didn't you do so?"
S—"I did, sa; but den you said agin 'all aboard,' den I jumped on agin."
C—"Well, you've rode so far, I guess you may ride the rest of the way."

THE VENTILATION OF CUPBOARDS.—In the sanitary arrangement of houses, even for the richer classes, the ventilation of cupboards is neglected. In places let out in tenements, closets are the receptacles for bread and fragments of various other kinds of food. Often the dirty cloths are put away in those places waiting for the washing. It is therefore most important that air should be plentifully passed through such corners; generally, however, there is but little arrangement made for this purpose. The doors are kept close, without any perforations. There are no ventilators in the walls, and in consequence those places become cases of polluted air, which, when the doors are opened, escapes over the apartments. This defect is visible in nearly all houses of old date, and while looking at some dwellings of recent construction, it is seen that, although care has been generally taken to ventilate staircases and rooms, the cupboards are in this respect neglected.

THE SAN FRANCISCO TIMES uses the following language:—"If the country must go to fragments or to the devil through the treason of its people, let it go with colors flying, with guns flashing, and the smell of sulphur in advance. If it is to die, let it die with harness on. It was born in storms and tempests—let it die in earthquakes and flames."

THE FRENCH REGIMENTAL BARBER.

A peculiarity of the French army is the regimental barber, who nearly always serves his apprenticeship on the cheeks of his brothers in arms; and it is a rough apprenticeship as far as the cheeks are concerned. We would not wish our worst enemy to come under his razor and try his lightness of hand. Before entering the service he was probably a mechanic, a carpenter or mason; his good conduct has obtained him the important post of barber, and henceforth he wields scissors and razor with more conscientiousness than success. This post is one of the most envied in the regiment, and the man who holds it is no little proud of it. In the first place, he receives a monthly pay resulting from small stoppages of the soldiers; next, he has permanent leave till ten o'clock, P. M.; and lastly, he is exempted from a good deal of duty. But it must not be supposed that the office is a sinecure; the barber is responsible for all the heads of his company; if the beards are too long, or the hair beyond the regulation length, he is responsible for it. There are the regulations, he must carry them out to the letter; hold an inspection, and shear his comrades as close as possible, frequently much against their will.

There are men very fond of their hair, that natural ornament of man. The smart soldier would like to wear his hair long, perhaps that a young lady's hands may ruffle his curls; but the regulations are pitiless. Said a worthy corporal once: "From the moment that the hair is seizable by the hand it requires to be cut." All sorts of schemes are naturally employed by the natty trooper to save his hair; he wets it every morning, or fastens it down on his forehead with cosmetics. But his labor is in vain; the officers are up to their tricks, and the delinquent and the responsible barber generally get four nights' guard-room. The old foxes do not have recourse to these clumsy methods, but pretend to be deaf, thus obtaining from the surgeon-major permission to wear long hair. Review days are terrible to the barber, for in less than two hours he must have two hundred beards, without counting the hair cutting. He should be seen then with his sleeves tucked up to the elbows, armed with his tremendous razor, which he has not found time to set; the soldiers rather themselves beforehand, and seat themselves one after the other on the bench of punishment. The thing is done in a twinkling—the strongest beard cannot resist, and the bristles that decline to be cut off are plucked out; the cheek may bleed but that is a very slight affair, for what is a scar after all to a soldier? The barber is a conscientious man; if he cut off the tip of an ear, for instance, he is very careful to restore it to the legitimate owner. The troopers fear the razor, but ridicule the barber; they call him the butcher or the flayer, though in a low voice, for if he were to hear them he holds vengeance in his hands. In all the regiments that have fought in Algeria the barber has a tortoise-shell for a soap-dish.

There are a multitude of legends current in the army of which barbers are the heroes. First among them is that of Barber Plumepatte, who belonged to a cavalry regiment. This barber, who by the way was very clever, possessed a most vindictive character. Punished one day most severely by his captain he swore to revenge himself, and said openly he would kill the man. These threats soon reached the captain's ears, and he sent for Plumepatte. "You have sworn," he said to him, "that you would kill me; it is boasting on your part, for you would never dare to do it. Stay, I will give you a fine chance; bring out your tools and shave me." The terrible Plumepatte was completely disconcerted: he set to work, but did not dare to carry out his threats. Never, on the contrary, had he made so clean a shave. On another occasion, when in the field, the barber of a line regiment was summoned to shave the commander-in-chief. We can imagine whether the poor fellow's hand trembled; in fact, when the operation was finished the general's face was one mass of blood. The unfortunate barber, horrified at what he had done, trembled in all his limbs, and began apologizing as well as he could. "Stay," said the general, "there is a Louis for you. If your hand had not trembled in shaving your general you would not have been a true soldier." In action the barber becomes a fighting man, like the rest; the troops, backed by gunpowder, neglect their beard and hair: "When you find water in Africa you drink it, and do not amuse yourself by dissolving soap in it," say they. It happens, however, at times, that the regimental barber is a real shaver, understanding his trade, and who exercised it honorably before being called out. In such cases there is rejoicing in the squadron. The troopers like being shaved by this rare man, who never makes any gashes, whose razor, ever carefully sharpened, causes them no pain. The non-commissioned officers give him their respect; he becomes their favorite, an indispensable man, and they will even go so far as to allow him a little familiarity. After all, though, Louis XI. made his barber prime minister.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my money was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day, I must do the first thing, and in an hour, and after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

"Go to grass!" said a mother to her daughter.

"Well, then, I 'spose I'll have to marry."

"Ejaculated the fair damsel."

"Why so?" inquired the astonished mother.

"Because all men are grass." The old lady survived.

SEVERED.

Weariness is the life I lead,
Beating air with vain endeavor;
Love is left to weep, to bleed;
Those dear eyes are closed for ever!
Not again shall I behold thee!
Not again shall I behold thee!
Not again shall I behold thee!
Thou art gone for ever!

Nothing now is left for mirth;
All my dreams were false and hollow;
Thou, alas! has left the earth;
May it soon be mine to follow!
Mine to pass the veil and follow!
Eyes of olden hours shall meet me,
Lips of olden love shall greet me,
In the day I follow.

VIOLET;

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER LXXVII.

This is a gentle trader and a prudent—
He's no Antiochus, to bear your eye,
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesome-
ness;
But seasons all his glittering merchandise
With wholesome doctrine suited to the use,
As men sance goose with sage and rosemary.
—Old Play.

Erie Gower, excited by his recent interview with Beatrice Stanhope, and as well by the awful appearance of her father senseless in his sudden fit of apoplexy, made his way to Pengreep's with no little difficulty. Weakened by his wound and by confinement, he found the way long and toilsome, and paused once or twice, doubting whether he should be able to command strength sufficient to reach the old man's residence, but he persevered; for the more he reflected upon what had transpired between Sir Harris Stanhope and himself, and the explanation he had had with Beatrice, the more confirmed he became in the belief that a deep scheme had been laid by Lord Kingswood to get rid of him, and that Sir Harris Stanhope had been acting as a willing and unscrupulous agent in the plot.

This conception, almost a conviction, only determined him to persevere to prosecute his mother's claim and his own for his justice. He wanted but a link or two to comprehend his whole history, and he had a strong impression that Pengreep could supply it. Armed with conclusive evidence, he believed that he saw his course clear enough, and decided that he would enter into no compromise, acquiesce in no plan, or pursue any path which stopped short of the full recognition by Lord Kingswood of his claim to be his son and heir.

With this thought paramount in his mind, he paused before the door of old Pengreep, at Gray's Mount, and gazed wistfully up at the house. He perfectly well remembered Pengreep's unsought offer of friendship, as well as the strange assertion that he had a deep though hidden interest in him, and he resolved now to test the former, and, if possible, ascertain the nature of the latter.

The door opened even while he thus reflected, and he perceived old Nezhiah Pengreep standing on the threshold regarding him with a very remarkable expression lighting up his wrinkled face. "Enter here, oh prospective Lord of Kingswood! I have been awaiting your coming."

Erie ascended the steps, and was conducted up a flight of stairs to the room which had for a short time served as his sitting-room. Old Pengreep pointed to a seat. "Sit down," he cried. "Sit down, Erie Kingswood. Destiny first directed your steps hither; instinct has, secondly, brought you to me. You will have no need to pay me a third visit, for we will not separate now until you have your own and I have mine—mine—mine!"

Erie seated himself as directed, and old Pengreep laid both hands upon his shoulders, and stooping over him, looked into his face. "You have been enduring trial and suffering pain," he said, in a short, sententious manner. "Lord Kingswood, and, ay, Horace Vernon, have subjected you to trial, but who has inflicted the pain?"

"I have been wounded—do you refer to that?" inquired Erie.

"Wounded!" echoed Pengreep. "Whose hand struck the blow?"

"It was the deed of an assassin," responded Erie. "I was lately confined by Lord Kingswood, at Kingswood Hall, in an old chamber in the eastern wing. An enemy, by an artifice, drew me to the window and then fired a pistol at me. Fortunately the ball took an oblique direction, glanced from a rib, and passed almost harmlessly through my side. The aim was a deadly one, but Heaven averted the fatal direction of the bullet."

"An enemy," mused Pengreep, "an enemy," he repeated, with stern amazement. "You do not, in the name of all that's human, intend me to believe that Lord Kingswood placed a hired ruffian in the Chase to slay you by a stratagem?"

"Unquestionably not," returned Erie, quickly and emphatically. "The hand that directed the bullet at me I had disabled in a previous conflict between us. I presume to cope with me in fair combat, he, I presume, took that mode of settling the rivalry that subsists between us."

"Ay," cried Pengreep, thoughtfully, "I told you when you came hither that you had blood upon your hand; but as I ascertained that you had not been pursued by the officers of the law, I presumed that, in one of those fits of passion peculiar to the Kingswood blood, you had wounded a servant, and

the matter had been compromised. Tell me—and be assured that mine is no idle curiosity—whose hand it is that has been raised against your life, and what is the nature of your rivalry?"

"Mr. Pengreep, the rivalry is one I for certain reasons will not describe," returned Erie, coldly, "and the name of the individual who fired at me can be of no moment to you, as I alone shall take upon my shoulders the responsibility of settling the matter."

"You don't know, you can't tell," exclaimed old Pengreep, sharply. "One especial reason for declining to explain to me the character of the rivalry between you is, I presume, that the name of a third person would be involved."

"You are correct," answered Erie, almost curtly, "but permit me to say that the subject to which you are alluding has nothing to do with the subject of my visit to you."

"It appears to me that it has a very great deal to do with it, young gentleman," responded Pengreep. "The third person is a lady; the rivalry is to gain her affection. For your future success—if traditions are trustworthy—the Lady Maud St. Clair should be the name of the third person, and that of your rival Philip Avon."

Erie rose to his feet, and then resented himself; his face alternately became scarlet and white. He was vexed that he could not preserve his equanimity, especially as the glittering eye of Pengreep's was fastened upon him. He waved his hand with an impatient gesture. "Surmise what you will," he said, muttering rather than speaking aloud; "I do not intend to make you my confidant in the affair."

"Yet you seek from me important and secret revelations," returned Pengreep, quickly. "You will not hesitate to question and probe me to the very quick; all the knowledge I possess of your true history you are here to ransom. Confidence for confidence, my friend. I will not, however, press the point now, but if you require me to make a clean breast to you, I shall expect you to have no reservations from me."

"I have no reservations but such as I am bound in honor to make," responded Erie, thoughtfully. "Indeed, I am too deeply interested in opening up an unreserved communication with you—if, as I presume, you possess the knowledge of certain facts, I am anxious to collect—to be selfishly reticent."

"Well, well, and so you are—so you are," muttered Pengreep, "and in truth, what I wish to know you cannot conceal from me if you would."

"You told me when last I was in this chamber that I had a mission and a destiny," rejoined Erie, fastening his eyes steadfastly upon him. "Ismael has made the same assertion, if in other words; both have left me to guess what the first is, and what the latter may be. It would be acting an untruthful part if I were to pretend that I had not a very decided impression respecting the nature of my mission. My destiny will not be what you, Ismael, or any other human creature may predict, but what Heaven alone shall will. To work out my mission, Ismael placed me in Kingswood Hall, a creature of terror to Lord Kingswood, a mystery to all within the household, to myself a thing at times the most hateful, at others the most wronged. But every scintilla of knowledge which would enable me to determine the nature of the right by which I stood beneath Lord Kingswood's Hall, and the wrong I was there to redress was kept from me, save that some vague admissions were made, which deterred me from acting, and but too frequently forced a burning blush of shame and humiliation to my cheek which ought never to have been brought there. I am sick of these vague insinuations, these implications, hints and suggestions. I want facts, I care not how few. One, indeed, will determine. I am or I am not of honorable birth. If the former, I will pursue my right until it is acknowledged or I perish; if the latter, the world shall hear of me no more. You, Mr. Pengreep, addressed me on my appearance here a few minutes since as the prospective Lord of Kingswood. Such words are flattering in the ear, but they become insult when they are untruths. I am, therefore, here to require from you—to intend, implore you, if you know and can prove the particulars of my birth, to impart them to me."

"I can do this, and I will, for your hour and mine is come," exclaimed Old Pengreep, with a peculiar vehemence. He rose and went out of the room with a hurried step and an excited manner, and returned with the packet of papers which had been pilfered from him by Pharisce and Albertina Pharisce, *nee* Virgo, and which he had recovered at such a critical moment, and in so remarkable a manner.

He held them up to Erie. "Your title, your estates, your name, fame, happiness, are contained in this insignificant-looking packet," he exclaimed, with a species of high-wrought enthusiasm, and then placing them on his knee, a peculiar grin wrinkled up his face, and made his eyes almost disappear.

"They were nearly lost to you for ever—for ever," he said, with a growling sort of chuckle; "they were all but in the hands of Lord Kingswood, and if they had but reached his culture like talons, they would as immediately have been reduced to ashes, and have rendered your claims, so long as Lord Kingswood chose to disown you, not worth a rush. But I had a suspicion that my relation, by a kind of fortuitous marriage remove, Miss Albertina Virgo, and my housekeeper also, was playing me false. I discovered, by an accident, that she had commenced a bold, audacious, barefaced, and shameless flirtation with the valet of Lord Kingswood. I detected that some plot was in operation against me, the success of which was to be rewarded by converting the ancient spinster Virgo into the blooming bride Pharisce. When absent, I placed a watch upon my house, and my vigilance was rewarded by my spy detecting Pharisce and Virgo in the act of flight; he followed, marked them down, and enabled me to come up with him at the moment the



THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

Anything that aids in lessening the labor of the housewife, is very important to human happiness. The washing, ironing, cooking, butter making, &c., are foremost among the hard work that is to be done. Several of these are perpetual, with no hope of dismissing them, only for a few brief hours or days at a time. They have always been coming, and so will continue until the present order of things is entirely reversed. What millions of people are forever washing dishes, through the slow process of a plate at a time; or a cup, spoon or saucer! Why does not some genius devise a cheap and easy way of generating steam, so that every woman who has a dozen cups and as many plates, may place them in a suitable rack, turn a cock and let on steam sufficiently hot to start everything from the crockery in a single moment after receiving it. The dinner dishes of a family of a dozen persons ought to be washed and dry in a dozen minutes! We had any thing with pleasure that will relieve this in-door treadmill—this minute, uninteresting repetition of the same thing three hundred and sixty-five times in a year. As to the present invention, the editor of a Boston contemporary says:—

"A few weeks since we spoke of 'Cady's Clothes Wringer,' in decided terms of approbation, and after a thorough use of it, the women of the family inform us that not a word of the praise bestowed upon it should be recalled. Now we have another style before us, a little more of it, and higher in price. This, also, has received a careful trial by competent persons, and is pronounced excellent. We have been tempted to the tub, and have wrung out the duds, with it, with great gratification. With a size larger than the one represented in the cut, we have heard it said, that after soaking the clothes over night they can be thoroughly washed by passing them several times through this squeezer! The cut represents the wringer on a common wash tub, in operation. It is said that it will wring four times as fast as can be done by hand, with one fourth the labor, and much drier, and wrings anything, from a silk glove to a Dutch blanket; is simple, strong and durable, and will not get out of repair. Any servant will use it with safety to the machine and with great saving of wear to the clothes. It is readily and firmly secured to tubs of any thickness, and can be instantly detached and set aside."

spinster no longer was placing in the hands of the newly-made bridegroom this packet. Pheugh! It was a lucky touch. However, here they are, safe and sound, unaltered, unblemished, legal documents!"

"Give them to me," cried Erie, with nervous excitement.

Old Pengreep put the packet behind him. "Wait a moment," he said, with a sharp emphasis. "Tell me how much of your history Vernon has communicated to you."

"Absolutely nothing upon which to hang a proof or even belief," replied Erie quickly.

"So I suspected," he rejoined, with a sneer. "Have you received any suggestions, assertions or communications respecting your origin from any other living person?"

"Yes," he added, thoughtfully.

"From whom?" asked Pengreep, quickly and eagerly.

Erie, with some hesitation, briefly related the heads of his recent visit to Kingswood Hall and his interviews with Eldra.

The name of the old woman of the hunting-lodge had a remarkable effect upon old Pengreep. He listened with an intensity of attention to every word respecting her which fell from Erie's lips, and when he had concluded he paced up and down the room. "Strange and wonderful," he muttered. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' The fool hath said in his heart, too, 'There is no veiled department of nature which both the power to make revelations is that which is unveiled, tangible, living, moving, breathing.' As well say there is no Great, Wise, Directing Hand!"

He turned sharply to his young guest, and exclaimed: "Had I been less obtuse, less blind, less wilfully ignorant, I should not be thus as you see me. You have, at Kingswood, moved in wonders. I, too, moved there, surrounded by mysteries which, because I could not comprehend them, I therefore scouted and contemned. Like many who have discarded the truths of religion in their youth, I come back to belief at last. Not a superstition, meaningless credence founded in terror, but a belief founded upon truths I am unable to explain and quite as unable to prove false. So now I see how our ends are shaped for, and not by us. We set out with propositions, and we end by finding that the dispositions which have produced results have not been ours. I have been a sly, shrewd, sagacious, thoughtful. I have achieved a certain success, but not that which I sought. My life has been a mistake. I have tasted the miseries, stings, disappointments, ingratitude which the world has to bestow—but none of its enjoyments. I have lived for a purpose, worked for a purpose, and there is a dawning rising before me, to show me that I have wasted my opportunities, circumscribed my energies and destroyed the better part of my nature for a chimera which is being rapidly dissipated."

"He shrugged his shoulders sharply, and then flung his hands in the air and groaned. Then he seated himself before Erie, and said, as he commenced to open the packet which he had brought from his own room: 'To these papers there is attached necessarily, a preliminary history. Although you partly know it, I will give it you in a condensed and succinct form, so as to enable you at once to attach the links which are missing to you, and to understand the purport and the value of each of the papers I am about to place in your possession.'

He paused for a moment, as if to call upon the powers of his memory, and then drawing a deep breath, he said:—"I must go back, in order that you may clearly comprehend your own history, and the relation in which others stand to it, to a period antecedent to the mysterious placing of the child named Eldra Kingswood at the door of the old hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase. At one time there was a branch of the Kingswoods, numerous in family, and unfortunately conspicuous for the profligacy of its males and the exceeding beauty of its females. The men came each to an untimely end, and the women to some disastrous fate or other. The mother of Eldra was young and exceedingly lovely. She was a Kingswood, but by a very distant branch of the family, which is strongly reunited in your person, as being the son of her daughter and of Lord Kingswood."

"You speak with decision respecting my paternity," said Erie, interrupting him with some little eagerness.

"Because I only want one small proof to complete your identification beyond the shadow of dispute," returned old Pengreep. "Do not, however, interrupt me. The mother of Eldra was seen by one of that branch of the Kingswoods of which I have just spoken. With a glance at her face he recognized his heart to her. With the impetuosity of his race he wooed her in secret—married her in secret. He bore her from her home, kept her secluded from her own family and his, because both were engaged to be married, Eldra's mother to a nobleman of high rank, and her young husband to an heiress of vast wealth. He only awaited his coming of age to acknowledge his clandestine marriage, for he loved his youthful and lovely bride passionately; but unhappily she died in giving birth to Eldra. In his frantic grief at this sad event he revealed the truth to his father, who cunningly listened to him with seeming tranquillity, although he was infuriated with passion, smothered, expressed, and did all to assuage his son's grief. He took charge of the child, apparently, but despatched it with the note, of which we spoke to you, to old Eldra—Eldra, whose unhappy history he knew, villain as he was, but too well. He tracked his son into a belief that the child Eldra, too, had died, and thus persuaded him to wed the heiress to whom he was betrothed. The match proved an unhappy one; he became recklessly profligate, and in a drunken outrage which he committed was slain. His father died shortly after him—and thus Eldra was never claimed or removed from the hands of old Eldra. But, as the only child of Walter Kingswood, who died without issue by his second marriage—she became entitled to the vast possessions he enjoyed at his death, and which since have passed into another channel. You are, however, the true heir to them—in fact, you are the race, for in your person now there is united the direct line with that of the most remote—and you will partly be enabled to recover them, for the proofs of the marriage of Walter Kingswood with Eldra, his cousin—several times removed—rest with me."

"You are in my possession, and in due time shall be in your service," replied Pengreep, in the tone of one who feels that he is making a great sacrifice. He uttered a sigh, and continued: "To proceed with my story, which I can now bring to a close in a few words. When Eldra had reached her girlhood, and was yet in her seclusion in the Chase, the present Lord Kingswood by accident beheld her. He afterwards came frequently to try and obtain interviews with her, but only partially succeeded in these at-

tempts when Eldra discovered them, and in order to frustrate them removed her to the residence of one who had been a friend in days long past; and knowing Eldra's history, plied, and would, if she had been permitted, have befriended her. The place to which she was removed was the mansion of Mr. Vernon, at Huntingford—her friend Mistress Vernon, a widow. Horace Vernon, returning from college, fell deeply in love with Eldra, and his suit honorably proposed, and as honorably sustained, though not actually accepted, was not denied. It appeared to progress favorably, when Horace Vernon, in an evil hour, brought home to Huntingford Lord Kingswood with him. Eldra loved him. Under protestations of honorable intentions, vows of constancy, and all the babbling forth passion, he implored her to fly with him. The ban of the House was upon her, and she consented. Lord Kingswood was young then, and not so much a villain but that he made a show of keeping faith with her. Almost at their first stage, it may be said, they, to calm her fears, went through the ceremony of marriage. Here a deep plot was laid to deceive her. Sir Harris Stanhope was the instrument; but Providence defeated their infamous project, and the ceremony was legally performed in the eye of the law, and sacred in that of heaven. There, in fact, is the entry in the parish register-book, which has been abstracted in order to preserve it; and there you will see the signatures of all engaged in the ceremony properly attached. I have here also a copy which was written by the clergyman who performed the marriage."

Erie took hold of these papers, and his hand trembled as he perused them with intense earnestness and in deep silence.

No wonder that his lip quivered, and his eyes were filled with glittering moisture, for it seemed to him that even as he gazed upon them the spirit of his dead mother hovered over him, calling upon him to register her name, fair and unsoiled, in the annals of the House of Kingswood.

While he remained yet silent, and in deep emotion, Pengreep continued the history of events to the trial and acquittal of Eldra's mother. "The blow was too heavy for her," he said. "Vernon sought, after he had rescued her from the verge of an ignominious death, to restore her mind to something like composure—to assuage her grief, and to assure her redress; but she disappeared abruptly. She fled from him. He did not know her nature. He sought to chain her to a life with which she had done. She returned like a wounded dove to the dove-cot. In the old hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase she was reared. There she died; and near to it, in the shadow of the trees that wave over the gloomy tower, she lies buried. A solitary hillock, which only the tall grass and the modest wild flowers bend mournfully and silently over, a lowly black cross, by this time hidden in luxuriant weeds, are all the signs denoting her place of rest—she whose rightful place of interment is in the mausoleum of the Kingswoods, the best of whom were surpassed by her in all those virtues which elevate human nature to that of angels."

Erie essayed twice or thrice to speak, but his voice, husky and inarticulate, died away in whispers; and he fairly gave way to a wild fit of bitter weeping. It was a sore thing for one so young to find, as it were, a mother, only to learn that, having been shamefully wronged, she lay, in an unconsecrated grave, in a lone, drear spot, known, perhaps, alone to those who had not the power to do her memory justice. To find, as well, a father in the person of one who had wrought this shame and sorrow upon her who now refused any act of atonement, and was bent upon removing him from the sphere in which his guilt was perpetrated, and if possible, of obliterating all trace of her and Eldra's existence and his own villainy.

Erie felt his position acutely. It was clear that he could come to no compromise with his father. Were he to be so dishonorably selfish as to let his mother be neglected in her lone grave, without any attempt to clear her name from the cloud that rested on it, for the sake of being on friendly terms with his father, he but defamed himself. His mother's memory must be cleared, and he muttered, with a bitterness of tone that made old Pengreep start:—

"The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
Shall toil and fight
In sorrow and pain."

He compressed his lips, and his brow contracted.

"Sorrow and pain indeed! My mother loved passionately, sincerely, and truthfully—loved this man, my father! Were she living every blow I aimed at his peace would stab her in the heart. And I—cruelly as he has wronged her and myself, I feel that my heart yearns towards him—points to him with his embraces—to be gazed on by him with eyes of affection—to be spoken to with words of tenderness—to be called by him son—to look back upon my long long term of isolation with the proud contemplation that it had ceased, and that before me I had a world of parental love, glowing, burning, all my own! Yet it is my bitter lot to pursue him as an avenging spirit—to repeat with scorn all overtures which pause at calling me his son, and the acknowledgment that my mother was his wife, and the rightful Lady Kingswood. I must strike at him, and wound myself with the blow."

"What—do you pause?" almost yelled old Pengreep, "do you hang back? Shall I point to you again your mother, pale, young, beautiful, standing all but lifeless in the coffin's box, in which she was placed by your father's hand?"

"Silence!" cried Erie, in a voice which drowned old Pengreep's speech. "Think you I have forgotten that I am of a doomed race? that I have an inexorable mission as I have an inevitable destiny to fulfill? that justice is independent of human emotion? that right and honor cannot be influenced by the ordinary feelings of our common nature? that I am but an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to work out His immutable will? But, man, I cannot but feel my soul is not barren of sentiment or sympathy. I cannot but suffer in knowing that, in fact, I am motherless, in spirit, fatherless; that my mother perished in torturing grief and that a curse for me is readier on my father's lip than a blessing. But because I feel—because these gushing tears will force their way from my eyelids—I tell you, man, it is not a sign that I faint in spirit or falter in purpose. I am a Kingswood! Inwardly I know that—outwardly and legally you have proved it; and though my heart be crushed and my life be the price of my efforts, I will unwaveringly pursue this my task to the end."

"Amen! Amen!" cried old Pengreep, bowing low down to Erie, and then rubbing his hands together with a species of gleeful satisfaction. "Your sentiments are creditable to your nature," he added, "and your resolution is worthy of your honor. All seems complete but one point, by no means an immaterial one. It is this: There exists in my mind at least no moral doubt of your identity, and it can be almost positively proved by circumstantial evidence—but not quite. Now, I wish to establish it legally beyond the possibility of question, and I think I possess the means."

"What are they?" asked Erie, displaying a natural anxiety.

"Observe, here is a pocket-book," replied old Pengreep, producing a black one, and opening it. "It contains memoranda of certain events; indeed, it is a diary carried from one period to another, and is in the handwriting of the present Lord Kingswood. It is wholly in reference to yourself. It speaks of the abstraction of Eldra's child, relates the incidents attending its removal and the placing it in the charge of an old couple residing in a forest. Accompanying it is a statement of the child's death and burial, which I am in a condition to prove; but in this statement it incidentally mentions that the child has a bright crimson spot on the back of its right hand."

Erie started, for old Pengreep made a sudden plunge at his right hand, and pointed to a bright red spot frayed at the edges, as though it were a splash of blood.

"I recognized that spot when I first saw you in this room," he exclaimed. "I recognize it now. Then I knew not its true import. I know it now—"

"He bears the Kingswood brand,
Who hath blood upon his hand?"

He stilled rather than spoke the couplet.

Erie examined his hand; he had, of course, long known of the existence of the mark, which in his school days had been termed a cherry spot. At times it had been well defined, and other times faint, now it was a bright, clear, round spot.

Old Pengreep chuckled. "Our path lies before us; not a moment is to be lost," he cried. "We must to Kingswood Hall, and there, without the aid of Horace Vernon, without other aid than those irrefragable proofs, establish our claim. Lord Kingswood may threaten you, disclaim you, do what he will now, he cannot disinherit you. You will triumph. So shall I!"

Old Pengreep uttered a growl of joyous exultation as he delivered the last words, and Erie looked at him steadily, and with a shade of mistrust in the expression on his features, inquired:—"Of what nature is the triumph to which you allude as being yours? It is asserted by Lord Kingswood and by you that I have been a mere tool in the hands of Horace Vernon, used by him to accomplish a bitter, vindictive, personal revenge, and not solely with the disinterested object of obtaining for me my just rights and atonement for the shameful wrongs suffered by the departed."

"And I still assert that this is truth," exclaimed old Pengreep emphatically. "Take a retrospect of the period between your departure from this house with him and your own instinctive flinging off of his yoke. You could judge of the secret motives which animated him in guiding your movements, else why emancipate yourself from his control?"

"Suppose I grant that your view is correct," rejoined Erie, a little sternly, "am I to be the instrument of your vengeance, whatever that may be, too?"

"Yes," cried old Pengreep, sharply. "You cannot help it. You must be so independent of your will, because my revenge is bound up in your triumph. Perhaps mine is a poor and paltry matter, and it will inflict merely a sting, a pang, a spasm, that is all—but it will do that, and I shall be satisfied. Listen to me. Who I am and what I am no one knows but Eldra; the secret will die with her—and with me. I am old, skinny, shriveled—a scarecrow. I was not always so. There was one of the collateral branches of the Kingswoods nearly allied to that Walter Kingswood of whom I have spoken existing at the time of Eldra—your mother's—birth. An old man and a child came from a distant part of the country to settle down on an old patrimony of the family near to Huntingford. It had long been mortgaged, but the mortgage was at length paid off, and Alan Kingswood, with his daughter, came back to their own again. The daughter was not less beautiful than any of her race, and bore a striking resemblance to Eldra and to the portraits and statue of Lady Maud of 1555 now at Kingswood. I was much in her society, and my heart was not made of stone. I—I—hem! I—ah—ah—ah!"

Old Pengreep turned his back upon Erie, gasping hysterically. He pressed violently the palms of both hands on his eyes, and then threw them away again. He turned round, and facing Erie, said:—"I had thought—but, pshaw, there is a spring in a rock—hem—let me see. Well, I had wooed and I had—let me see—no, the curse of the House was on her. Vernon came and thought to find in her smiles tenderness and careless, solace for the loss of Eldra. He took her from me—married her—"

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"Married!" echoed Eric, with amazement. "Yes; rich, position—perhaps he was younger and handsomer than I," muttered old Pengreep; "at all events, she became his—she! to be cut down like a lily by the myth of the brainless mower."

"But—but," cried Eric, quickly, "then Violet—"

"Hush! That is a tale for another day," interrupted Pengreep. "I am prepared for this visit. Vernon prepared the fate, destiny, instinct—what you please to call presentiment—prepared me for your coming. I am ready for Kingwood. Look Almighty Heaven firmly in the face and answer me!"

"I am ready," responded Eric, with a proud, exalted tone.

"Come, then, for that must be the scene of our labors," cried Pengreep. "There and there alone must we fight the battle of right and avengement!"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

We enter on our story's darker part. And though the horror of it will move an impulse of repugnance in the heart, yet let us think that so there's naught above the all-embracing atmosphere of art. So also there is naught that fills below. Her generous reach, though grimed with guilt and woe.

—A Legend of Brittany

It was night again when Eric, accompanied by old Pengreep, entered Kingwood Chase. Eric paced with quick steps along the fence-patched glades and plunged into the denser parts of the forest, following a track which he pursued, rather, it seemed, by instinct than by knowledge. Suddenly they appeared before the tower of Eric of Kingwood. Old Pengreep clutched his arm. He pointed to the tower. "Whither go you?" he said, harshly.

"To my mother's grave!" emphatically replied Eric.

Old Pengreep bent his head low, as if sternly rebuked.

"The task to conduct you thither is mine. Follow me, oh, son of Eric!" said a hollow voice near to them. Both turned and beheld Eldra close to them, standing beneath the shadow of an aged tree. Old Pengreep uttered a strange cry, which catching Eldra's ear, she turned her unnatural bright eyes upon him, and perused his features with a long and searching gaze. Then she staggered back as though she beheld one long dead resurrected from the grave. "Thou!" she cried. "Thou!"

"Even I," he said, in a low, guttural tone. "Remember your oath. I shall be true to mine. The grave yawns for you and for me—let the past be buried with us. Our task is nearly ended. THE DAWN IS BREAKING!"

Eldra, who trembled like an aspen, bowed her head, and in a faint and feeble voice, muttered—"It is well that it should be so. I will not interrupt the silence of the grave, which you have invoked."

The aged woman tottered forward, beckoning to Eric, who, with a countenance whiter than marble, stood awaiting her summons. They passed in silence beyond the old, frowning tower, which, crested with black ivy, looked blacker and gloomier to him than it had ever appeared before. At length old Eldra reached a scant opening in the trees, made in some far-off time, and she pointed with her crutch to a small mound, upraised among the rank weeds and broad leaved daisies. It seemed garlanded with the simple primrose and cowslips, the violet, the harebell, and other of the indigenous flowers of the wood, and they twined, too, up and around the black cross which, rudely fashioned, stood at the head of the mound.

"Eric rests there," she muttered, in broken tones.

Eric sank upon his knees by its side, and cried—"Mother! mother!"

He pressed his clasped hands to his brow, and buried his face among the flowers. There was no sound to be heard but his bitter, impassioned sobs. He had found at last his mother—but where?

The aged Eldra bent down her limbs, too, in prayer, and Pengreep, faint and with quivering frame, leaned for support against the hoary trunk of an ancient oak. At this moment, from out the hollow recesses of the oak's trunk, an owl of huge dimensions flew out, and descending to the mound, settled on the black cross, and raised its mournful howl. The tones distressed Eric, intense as his anguish, and he rose up slowly and silently. He gazed upon the strange bird, which did not move at his presence, and from thence upon the aged tree, which spread out its ghastly arms, and threw a shadow on his mother's grave, and then around him with an aspect of wonder. "I have seen this place before," he murmured.

Old Eldra rose up. "It is the copse of the white fawn," she muttered, in an almost unearthly tone.

He passed his hand over his forehead. "In my dreams," he said slowly. "The youth beneath this tree wooed this maiden, and you bird—"

Old Pengreep rushed suddenly at the owl as he spoke. He had observed it sway backwards and forwards, and he caught it as it fell from the cross. "It is dead!" he exclaimed, and held it up.

Eric gazed at it fixedly for a moment, and then stooping down without uttering a word, he gathered some of the wild flowers which bloomed over the grave, kissed them, and placed them in his breast.

Then he turned to Pengreep, and in a low tone, said to him—"Come! her spirit will chide me if I delay moving its mortal frame from where it now sleeps to the consecrated tomb, wherein it shall, in honor and in justice, rest."

As they retraced their steps past the tower, Eldra said—"Are you seeking Kingwood Hall?"

"Aye!" said Pengreep, in decided tones.

"The hour is late," she returned.

"Late or early we shall demand our right to enter," rejoined Pengreep.

"I tell you it is late, and there is sickness, if not death within the Hall," she exclaimed, in harsh tones.

Eric turned sharply to her. "Who lies within their sick?" he asked eagerly. "Lady Kingwood?"

"No," she replied; "Lady Kingwood is far away. I saw her flit like a phantom through the Chase in the white moonbeam-mist. She is not there; nor is my Lord of Kingwood."

Eric felt as if he should suffocate; a cold, death-like feeling ran through his frame.

"Dance, you infernal torture upon me," he cried. "Who is it that lies within Kingwood Hall near unto death?"

"The white fawn of that line of Kingwood," she returned. "You have flowers in your breast; make them into a garland, and hang them round her fair neck. That will win her back to life, though her last breath quivered on her lip. Go thither, and thou wilt, but for the time let it be in silence and secrecy. Farewell! Fulfill your destiny; we shall meet again."

She turned, and disappeared within the lodge. Eric moved thoughtfully away, followed by old Pengreep, whose character appeared to have undergone an extraordinary change. There was a quiet, sorrowful dignity about him which he had not exhibited before.

Eric was deeply affected by what old Eldra had last communicated. Lady Maud ill-dying, and no one there to attend her, to minister to her with tenderness, and to watch over her with solicitous affection. He wondered at the cause of her illness—he did not trace it to his own mysterious disappearance; but the thought passed through his mind that, tempted by the absence of Lord and Lady Kingwood, Philip Ayton had been forcing upon her his rough and hateful wooing, and so had terrified and hunted her into the dangerous illness old Eldra declared her to be suffering. He promised himself a full reckoning with him ere long. He was loth to enter Kingwood Hall to create a disturbance, yet to keep out of it now he believed it beyond the human power to compel him.

Had Lady Maud been in health, he had still an important inducement to enter the ancient portion of the Hall, because, when he laid himself down to rest upon the old bed upon the night preceding his capture there, he had placed the small ebony box he had found within the picture-gallery beneath his pillow. There it had been left, and there it now remained if it had not been discovered.

He was perplexed at first what steps to take, but after a little reflection he decided upon entering Kingwood Hall by the secret entrance in the Chase. He communicated to Pengreep his position, and before he had acquainted him with his resolve, the mention of the ebony box threw Pengreep into an extraordinary state of excitement.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "if you find that you will solve the wonder of Kingwood Chase! The House has known for centuries that some dread deed was enacted in the Chase, but what it was has remained undiscovered. Baron Eric Kingwood erected a statue to Lady Maud, his cousin; beneath it he placed the words, 'The Unavenged,' and the date '1555.' Beyond that nothing is known. If within that box a manuscript exists the dead will speak. In the name of THE UNAVENGED, let us on!"

Animated by what Pengreep said, and also by his manner, Eric hurried on, and they soon reached the secret entrance to the Hall.

All the impediments to access to the old chambers were overcome, and Eric, with a throbbing heart, entered the old bed-chamber. He gazed hurriedly around him. It seemed frowning, gaunt and grim enough to have scared one less nervous in his task than he.

He passed his hand swiftly beneath the pillow, and produced the box. Pengreep seized it and gazed at it with trembling eyelids. "It is the same as that represented in the picture in the hunting lodge," he ejaculated. "Let us to the library. I have the means of procuring a light."

Eric, excited as himself, felt an intense anxiety, and with hurried but light step, conducted him by the way not known perhaps only to himself, into the long dark, drear apartment, where the tall, dark, armored figures stood silent and horrible in their aspect, and the old tones were ranged like skeletons of the dead. Eric remembered that when Philip Ayton, attended by the officers, approached the library in search of him, he had, having extinguished his lamp, placed it in a nook. He proceeded to that nook and drew it forth, and Pengreep lighted it.

Eric, who had possession of the box, was about to open it, when Pengreep pointed to the statue of Lady Maud, and said: "Let it be opened before her, where her cold and inanimate face may be turned towards us, and from whence her disembodied and unquiet spirit may hover over, and direct you how you shall lift the doom from the face of Kingwood."

As he counselled so Eric performed. He took the box in his hands, and knelt at the pedestal of the Lady Maud. Then he opened it, and withdrew a parchment manuscript of several pages. He opened it. Pengreep clutched his arm, and both turned their heads sharply round. It was as though some one near to them had sighed.

The room was dark and misty, but there was no sign of the presence of any one there but themselves. "It was the wind," whispered Pengreep.

Eric turned his eyes to the manuscript. It was written in a rough, bold hand, but in a character which if Eric had not been learned in the written lore of the period he would have been unable to decipher.

"I, Baron Eric of Kingwood, do here make confession to him, or to her, who may discover the secret hiding place in which I shall deposit this writing of my most dreadful deed of guilt. My cousin, Lady Maud, of Brightstone, deprived of both parents by the lawless and ravagings of murderers and plunderers acting under warrants falsely purporting to be signed by Henry VIII., of that day

king, was brought up within the hall of Kingwood, a charge left to my father and to my mother, to cherish and to protect. We were reared as brother and sister, and then it seemed that between us much affection did exist. But when I sprung towards manhood I found that her exceeding beauty had won my heart in spite of her cold reserve. I was, perhaps, not fitted to play the soft wooer in a lady's chamber, for the wild sports of the chase were with me a passion; but I loved her. She who had been frank with me in childhood was now when I appeared, or sought pretence to evade my presence. I tried then to draw her attention to my love by garlanding her favorite white fawn with the fairest flowers I could gather. One eve I found her in a copse with her fawn; she was caressing it, and she kissed the flowers I had placed around its neck. I broke through the thicket and threw myself at her feet. I told my love, and after I had passionately urged her to return my love, she imprinted a kiss upon my forehead, and I called her my own. She was not my own; at least, another claimed her. Walter Ayton, Black Walter of Hawkesbury, dared to lift his accursed eyes to her, to seek her, waylay her, to pour lying words in her ear against me! So that when she met me she would turn pale and weep, would shrink from my embrace, and too often gaze reproachfully at me. I did not then understand the cause. It was explained to me by a follower of Black Walter's, who avowed that the Lady Maud—spotless as the untrodden snow—met Walter Ayton in the Chase, and wandered with him there. He told me further they had agreed to meet at sunset, in the Hunting Lodge, at that time without a tenant, for I had begun to lose my taste for sport, and preferred wandering alone and in cruel thought in the thickness of the wood. When I heard the ruffian's statement, dark thoughts stirred within me. I resolved to attend to the sun set that night in a glowing crimson flood, as if to foreshadow the terrible event in which I was to make so grim an actor. I had sworn to myself that if I found the story true I would slay her, and hack him limb from limb. As I approached the thicket leading to the lodge I fancied I heard a woman scream; but a bird flew away from a tree above my head, screeching as it went. I thought no more of the scream. But my quick and practised eye caught sight of something moving towards the end of the thicket. I ran onward at the top of my speed, breathless. I reached the lodge, and found the door open. I heard a heavy foot ascending the stone staircase, and I sprang up the steps. I entered a room, and saw, seated on a chair, Walter Ayton, with Lady Maud in his arms. Her face lay reclining upon his shoulder; blood mounted to my brain, ran into my eyes, through my veins, into my hands. Like lightning I unsheathed my sword—Oh God!—I buried it to the hilt in her body! As I drew it out, ensanguined with her blood, he belped to his feet. I caught Maud—dead!—dead!—in my arms, and I made a deadly blow at him, but only gashed his face. He drew a dagger, and retreated to the door. I followed, striding at him as we leaped, rather than descended the stairs. Then he turned and fled. I followed him, but encountered with the bleeding body of Maud, I could not keep pace with him, and he escaped. I turned into a glade; I laid the lifeless body on the grass; I bound up the ghastly wound, and while in the act of lifting her, a ghastly monk from the Abbey of Kingwood stayed my hand.

"Who has done this murder?" he said, sternly and fiercely.

"If it be murder then the act is mine," I answered, angrily, for I liked not the bitter expression of his face.

"Cain!" he cried, pointing to her pale, calm face, "she is thy near kins!"

"I raised my fist and felled him to the earth. He uprose, blood rushing from his mouth, and levelling his finger at me, cried—"

"Accursed! The brand of Cain be on thy brow and upon thine hand. Thou shalt not rest on earth nor after death, thou nor thine, nor those to come after thee, until one bearing thy name shall mingle his blood with hers who now lies bleeding there. And so shall doom-day shall lift the doom you have called down upon them and their heirs forever!"

"He fled from me or I should have slain him. But his words lay heavy on my soul. I raised the body of Maud from the crimson turf, and bore her by a secret passage into the chamber adjoining the library, and laid her upon the bed. All that night I tried to restore her to life, but in vain. Then troubled thoughts of my fate, if charged with her murder, haunted me, and in much agony of mind I cast about what to do with the body. At length I bethought me of a chest which had been sent to me from across sea, of cunning device in respect to its locks. It stood within the library. Within that chest I placed the remains of Lady Maud, and locked it; the key I placed in the ebony box with this manuscript. Years have passed since that dreadful time. Black Walter disappeared after that night of horror, no one knew whither; but I learned after his departure, that I had been deceived; that he had taken steps to poison the mind of beloved Maud against me, and that he had, on the fearful night on which I slew her, inveigled her there. On meeting her there, he seized her with the intention of carrying her off; she faintly, she fled; he pursued. What follows I have recited. I have kept my dreadful secret. I dare reveal it in no other fashion than this, for I have a beloved boy, upon whose name I would not cast taint. The loss of Lady Maud at the time caused great consternation, but as I conducted the search for her, no tidings were obtained respecting her. The monk perished miserably, having been set on by a mob, and, for aught I know, revealed not what he saw that night. I have caused a statue to be made to the memory of Lady Maud. It bears the date of her death, and I have appended to it the words, 'The Unavenged,' forasmuch as Black Walter hitherto hath escaped my vengeance.

But he has returned to his home, he hath set rumors afloat concerning my crime, and I go to meet him in mortal combat. Should I fail I shall leave a Kingwood to draw atonement for Lady Maud from the blood of an Ayton. For until a Kingwood shall hold the life of an Ayton within his grasp, so long will Lady Maud remain unavenged, so long the doom rest on the House of Kingwood. I testify to the truth of what I have here written. Maud, murdered saint! have mercy on me! May God atone my soul!"

"ERIE, BARON OF KINGWOOD."

There the document ended. Eric drew a long, deep breath, and rose, and gazed on the soft sweet face of the statue. A tear sprang into his eye.

Pengreep whispered in his ear—"Eric, Baron of Kingwood, fell by the hand of Walter Ayton. So has it been down to the father of Lord Kingwood, who, it is whispered, met his death foully at the hands of the late Sir Philip Ayton."

"So shall it be no longer, I swear," cried Eric, with intense emotion. "I have had the life of Philip Ayton quivering on the point of my sword, and fluttering round my bullet; I, a Kingwood, have drawn the blood of an Ayton, and Lady Maud, the Unavenged, I will avenge you!"

"Come, come, let us examine the chest," cried Pengreep, with a trembling lip. "The secret is not yet all revealed."

Eric, high wrought by what he had read, found his hand tremble so he could scarcely turn the key in the lock. He well remembered the secret spot wherein to insert it. The sharp, sudden click with which the bolt shot back in the lock made them both start.

At the same moment the blood of Pengreep chilled, and his hair seemed to slowly rise up. He clutched Eric by the wrist, and whispered, "Heard you that?"

Eric had already turned his pale face over his shoulder.

Both at one instant heard the sweeping rustle of silk and the sound of light footsteps rapidly approaching them; but though they strained their eyeballs until they ached, they could see nothing. The sounds grew fainter as they grew nearer, and ceased even when they reached the actual spot where they stood.

It was as though the antique chest on which the hands of both rested had declared the further progress of the invisible.

A solemn, death-like stillness ensued. Eric silently pointed to the chest, and both exerting their strength, lifted up the lid. The hinges gave forth a harsh, grating noise as they raised it, and it fell back against the wall with a sound like thunder. With hearts beating with violence, they pushed and listened, but the same death-like stillness reigned as before; there appeared no signs of interruption from the household.

Eric raised up the lamp, and they both cast their eyes within the chest. There, coiled up, muffled as it were in a cloud of silk, which seemed to shrink into dust as they gazed upon it, lay a skeleton; a glittering gem sparkled upon the neck, and jewels and pearls gleamed upon the wrist.

A groan burst from the lips of Eric as he beheld the ghastly object crouching where it had been thrust on the night of the cruel murder—lying where it had been deposited, without moving or being moved, for three hundred years.

"The Lady Maud," he murmured, in a deep and solemn undertone.

"The UNAVENGED avenged," exclaimed old Pengreep.

"Not yet," rejoined Eric, with knitted brows.

"The dawn has come," responded Pengreep.

"Aye, and it shall be day ere long," said Eric, with a bitter emphasis.

Pengreep uttered suddenly an exclamation of horror. "Holy Heaven!" he ejaculated, in accents of absolute terror. "Who comes here?"

He pointed down the library. Swiftly approaching them advanced a figure clothed in white.

Eric pressed his hand upon his heart to keep down its wild throbbing. "The Lady Maud St. Clair!" he exclaimed, in scarcely audible tones. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A NEW QUESTION TO BE SOLVED.—Learned circles in England are just now agitated by the question whether a rainbow, if self a reflection, is ever seen reflected in water. A distinguished painter, it appears, has put one in his picture, and the critics at once declared it inconsistent with nature. Dr. Herschell says he believes the thing to be possible; that is, a rainbow may be reflected in water, but it is not the same bow seen in the clouds, as the same rainbow cannot be seen at once directly and by reflection, because that seen directly is gathered from rain drops higher in the air than those which yield the reflected bow. He says he never saw such a bow, and never knew any one who had, but he gives several good reasons why. First, water in a rainy day is not even in the absence of wind likely to be a perfect mirror-like surface. If the least ruffled by wind it would, effectively, mix the colors. Secondly, the rainbow light is a very small fraction of the whole light of the sun on the rain, and reflection in water would enfeeble it to such a degree that one might well doubt its visibility.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Followers of the Senate and House of Representatives.—Having been convened on an extraordinary occasion, authorized by the Constitution, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation.

THE SITUATION OF THE ARMY.

At the beginning of the Presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal Government were found to be generally suspended within the several States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, excepting only those of the Post Office Department. Within these States all the forts, arsenals, dockyards, custom houses, and the like, had been seized and were held in open hostility to this Government, excepting only Fort Pickens, Taylor and Jefferson, on or near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina.

The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition. New ones had been built, and armed forces had been organized and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose. The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal Government, in and near these States, were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter, which was nearly surrounded by well projected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own, and outnumbering the latter.

Accumulations of the public revenue lying within them had been seized for the same object. The Navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very small part of it within the immediate reach of the Government. Officers of the Federal Army and Navy had resigned in great numbers, and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the Government.

Simultaneously, and in connection with all this, the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed. In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of these States, declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined Government for these States had been promulgated, and this illegal organization in the character of Confederate States was already invoking recognition, aid and intervention from foreign powers.

THE POLICY DECLARED IN THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such an attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made, and was declared in the inaugural address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones.

It sought only to hold the public places and property not already seized from the Government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion and the ballot box. It promised a continuance of the mails, at the Government expense, to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it pledged against any disturbance to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was forbore, without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

NON-RECOGNITION OF SECESSION EXPLAINED.

On the 5th of March, the present incumbent's first full day in office, a letter of the Secretary of War, commanding at Fort Sumter, written on the 28th February, and received at the War Department on the 10th of March, was by that Department placed in his hands. This letter expressed the opinion of the Secretary of War, that the reinforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same until a force of less than twenty thousand good and well disciplined men. This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command; and their memoranda on the subject were made enclosures to the Secretary's letter. The Secretary, accordingly, laid before Gen. Scott, who at once concurred with Maj. Anderson in that opinion. On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers, both of the Army and Navy, and at the end of four days came reluctantly but decidedly to the same conclusion as before.

He also stated at the same time, that no such sufficient force was then within the control of the Government, or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when the provisions in the fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view this reduced the duty of the Administration in this case to the one of abandoning the garrison safely out of the fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would be a clear indication of weakness; and that it would be construed as a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated.

This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and it would be reached by the limited supply of provisions. This last would be a clear indication of weakness, and it would be construed as a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated.

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acted by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation upon the subject, and if any, it is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

FORWARD SYMPATHY MANIFESTED.
The forbearance of this Government has been so extraordinary and so long continued, as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable.

While this, on discovery, gave the Executive some concern, it is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

REPORTS OF THE SECRETARIES.
The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War and the Navy, will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the Departments will stand ready to supply commissions, or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know.

THE PRESIDENT CALLS FOR FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN AND FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and \$400,000,000.

That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages in the regions where apparently all are willing to engage, and the sum is less than the twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men so ready to devote the whole.

A debt of \$100,000,000 now is a less sum per head than the debt of our own Revolution when we came into the struggle, and the money value in the country now bears even greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and the money is not lacking. Legislation to give it legal sanction, and the hand of the Executive to give it practical effect and efficiency.

One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than provided for them. In a word, the people will save their Government, if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well. It might seem at first thought, that of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called Secession or Rebellion. The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew they could never have their treason to any respectable name, by any name which implies violation of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and Government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people.

They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they began their work by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents to the complete destruction of the Union. This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole of its currency, from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State, to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution. No one of them ever having been a State out of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even before they cast off their British Colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated a State.

The new ones only took the designation of State or coming into the Union while the Government was first adopted for the old ones and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the United States were declared to be free and independent States.

But even then the object was plainly not to declare their independence of one another, or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action, before at the time and afterwards, abundantly demonstrated. They plighted faith, by each and all of the original thirteen, in the articles of confederation, two years later, that "the Union shall be perpetual," is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in community with one another, or in relation to the world, they could not be States. Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty, and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law of the land. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. They break no laws, they can only do against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separated, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase, the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and, in turn, the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union.

Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States, from their Constitutions before they entered the Union, neverthless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution, but among these powers, and the rights and liberties of the States, are not included all conceivable powers, however numerous or destructive, but at most such only as are known in the world at the time, as Governmental powers, and certainly a power to destroy the Government itself has never been known as governmental or administrative power.

This relative matter of National power and State rights as a principle, is no other than the principle of general and individual liberty.

Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole, to the Federal Government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is the principle of original principle, and the National Constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy, is not to be questioned. We are bound to that which defines, without question, the principle of Government, so that the Secession is consistent with the Constitution—lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it and nothing should ever be implied from law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences.

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